

## Obsessed

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| Rating:           | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Archive Warnings: | <a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
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| Relationships:    | <a href="#">Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter</a> , <a href="#">Will Graham &amp; Hannibal Lecter</a> , <a href="#">Matthew Brown/Will Graham</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Characters:       | <a href="#">Will Graham</a> , <a href="#">Matthew Brown (Hannibal)</a> , <a href="#">Hannibal Lecter</a> , <a href="#">Jack Crawford</a> , <a href="#">Beverly Katz</a> , <a href="#">Dr. Frederick Chilton</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
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# Obsessed

by [hannibalsbirthdaycake](#)

## Summary

Matthew Brown became obsessed with Will while he was imprisoned at the BSHCI. When Will is released, he doesn't think of Matthew again, but Matthew is thinking of him.

## Notes

I just like hurting Will and making Hannibal put him back together. Sorry. Not really.

# Chapter 1

When Will wakes up, he knows he's not in his own bed even before he opens his eyes. The room smells musty, like someone has been chain smoking inside for years. He dares to pry his eyes open, and realizes he is naked. He's in agonizing *pain*, and as he recalls the night before, he feels like he is going to vomit what little he has in his stomach.

He manages to sit up, looking around the room. He's definitely in a motel, but he doesn't know which one or even where he is. He needs to get up and find his clothes, or shower, or puke. He doesn't know which he wants to do first.

After quick deliberation, he decides to find his clothes and get out of this room. Matthew Brown, who brought him here last night seems to be gone for good, but he doesn't want to stick around and find out if he's wrong. He finds his jeans and flannel shirt discarded next to the bed. His jeans have a blood stain on them and his shirt is ripped. The sight throws him into a flashback of the events of the night.

*He was letting the dogs out one more time before bed. He hadn't felt like going to his appointment with Hannibal, so he's going to bed early. As he was standing on the porch, he hears footsteps in the snow. He looks to his left and sees a man walking towards him. He tries to call out to him, but the man stays silent and continues approaching Will.*

*Will isn't sure what to do when he gets a better look and sees the man is holding a pistol. The man finally speaks, telling Will not to move and aiming his gun at Will's chest. Will stays planted in his spot, and waits for whatever the man has planned for him.*

*Maybe he just wants to rob me, Will thinks. He's wrong though. So, so wrong. The moonlight shines on the man's face and Will can finally see who is approaching him. It's Matthew Brown, the orderly from the hospital. He was obsessed with Will when he thought Will was the Chesapeake Ripper; but got increasingly cruel to him once he was convinced otherwise. Will was relieved to be away from the man when he got released. He hasn't given Matthew much thought since then.*

*"Oh William, I think you are so pretty when you're afraid," Matthew opined. He's in Will's space now, still pointing his weapon at Will's chest. Will swallows nervously. He doesn't see a way for him to get out of this. He still doesn't know what Matthew wants.*

*"W-what do you want?" Will stammers.*

*"I want you, of course." Matthew answers with a smile.*

*Will looks at him with his brows furrowed, but before he can even begin to say anything else, Matthew pistol whips him and he falls to the ground, unconscious.*

*When he awakens, he's tied to the bed and naked in the motel room and his head is killing him. He immediately starts trying to remove the binds but he is almost entirely unable to*

*move. Matthew really knows how to tie knots, he guesses. He hears the sink running in the bathroom, so he knows Matthew is there. He has to get out of these ropes quickly.*

*Thankfully, he does manage to slip one the one on his right wrist after pulling at it so hard, his wrist bleeds. He unties the second one and then moves on to his leg restraints. He gets those off quickly and as he stands, Matthew emerges from the bathroom.*

*“Oh no, where do you think you’re going?” Matthew chides.*

*“Away from you, you fucking psycho.” Will retorts.*

*“I don’t think so. I’m not finished with you yet.” Matthew threatened.*

*Will darts for the door, but it’s jammed shut. Matthew lunges forward and slams Will against the door, knocking the breath out of him. Will struggles with Matthew, throwing punches and trying to get out of his bruising grip on his arms.*

*None of it phases Matthew, but he punches Will in the face anyway. Once, twice, three times. Will’s headache getting worse with each hit. Will collapses on the floor, curling up into the fetal position, covering his head as best he can with his arms. Matthew takes the opportunity to savagely kick Will in the ribs.*

*After one particularly hard kick, Will swears he hears a rib crack. It feels like someone has poured hot lava into his rib cage. He groans, still trying to shield himself from Matthew’s wrath. Will is dazed from the cracked rib and the blows to the head, so when Matthew picks him up, he doesn’t have it in him to fight anymore.*

*He is trying to stay conscious as Matthew places him back on the bed, this time positioning him on his belly and retying the ropes.*

*“We are going to get to know each other in a primal sense, William.” Matthew smirks.*

*Will’s eyes go wide when he realizes what Matthew means. He starts shouting, hoping someone will hear him, but Matthew isn’t going to allow that. He stuffs Will’s mouth with a sock and duct tapes it shut. Now Will is reduced to barely audible whimpers.*

*“That’s a good boy,” Matthew coos, sliding his hand down Will’s back in a faux soothing manner. Will feels slimy anywhere Matthew touches him, and is begging him to stop, but Matthew can’t understand what he’s saying if he even cared.*

*“I am going to fuck you so hard. I’m going to tear you in two. Jesus Christ you are gorgeous. I am going to love defiling you.” Matthew whispers into Will’s ear. Matthew’s hot breath against his skin makes him shudder.*

*With little preamble, Matthew shove a spit slick finger into Will’s ass. Will howls in pain. He’s never had sex this way and it hurts, oh god it hurts. Matthew adds another finger, and another. He scissors Will open but Will is so tense and afraid, it’s not doing a whole lot to prep him.*

*"I was trying to make this a little better for you, but since you're not even trying to relax, we can just skip to the good part. Matthew lines his cock up with Will's ass and unceremoniously shoves inside. Will shrieks through his gag. He does feel like he's being ripped apart. Matthew is thrusting at a grueling speed and Will briefly wonders how this isn't hurting Matthew too. It does hurt Matthew a bit, but he doesn't care.*

*Thrusting get easier as Will realizes he's bleeding and it's serving as lubrication for this assault.*

*"Your blood makes great lube," Matthew announces, still thrusting hard and fast. He reaches down and grabs Will by the hair, yanking the man tied to the bed until he feels like his scalp is going to be ripped off. Then, Matthew snakes a hand around and grasps Will's soft cock, squeezing it hard, then stroking it. He wants Will to enjoy this. His ministrations start to have an effect, and Will's cock slowly begins to respond. Will cries harder when he realizes his body is reacting to the assault.*

*Matthew lets go of his cock and continues fucking into Will mercilessly. Will sobs, fat tears rolling down his cheeks and onto the motel bed. When Matthew's thrusts get faster and more erratic, Will holds his breath. Soon, Matthew is coming, filling him up. The semen burns inside him. When Matthew pulls out, Will can feel a puddle forming on the motel bed between his legs. He doesn't know if it's come or blood or even both.*

*Thinking that Matthew is now sated, Will hopes he will leave, but he's naive. Matthew flips him around, undoing his restraints and placing him on his back and putting them back on.*

*Will looks up at Matthew, confusion etched into his face.*

*"We can't forget you, now can we?" Matthew asks. He grabs Will's cock and begins stroking it in earnest. Will squeezes his eyes shut as Matthew jacks him off. He thinks he's doing well in not getting close to orgasm, but Matthew gets frustrated and tries something else.*

*Matthew's hot mouth is around Will's cock. Will feels sick because it feels good, so good. He moans through the gag. Matthew take him all the way into his mouth, bobbing up and down, swirling his tongue around the head.*

*Will is going to come, he's going to come while being assaulted. He can't even think about how fucked up that is because it feels good. As Will quickly approaches orgasm, Matthew seems to be able to tell. When Will get even closer, he knows he can't stop it. Just before he comes, Matthew removes all stimulation, causing Will's orgasm to be ruined. His come leaks out of his dick and instead of pleasure, he just feels frustrated. He groans at the discomfort but also at the fact he orgasmed at all.*

*"That was so much fun!" Matthew exclaims.*

*Will is in so much pain, and his cock is still annoyingly hard but he can't do anything about that and soon falls unconscious. At some point before Will awakens, Matthew must have removed the restraints because they're nowhere to be found and Will has only the rope burns to remind him.*

Will has to bite back tears at the pain in his ribs and ass and cringing at the stickiness dried between his legs. He's pretty sure his ass is still bleeding. Nonetheless, he manages to get out of bed and search for his cellphone. He finds it in the back pocket of his jeans along with his wallet.

He pulls it out and stares at the screen. He's not sure who to call, if anyone. He deliberates, but ultimately decides against calling anyone. Once outside, he sees where he is. He's in a rundown motel just outside of Reston, VA. Not far from home, but too far for him to walk so he calls a taxi. He waits outside for his ride to arrive and 20 minutes later, they have.

The older man driving the taxi doesn't say anything about Will's disheveled state, nor does he mention the blood stains on his jeans. Will is thankful for that. He's not sure he could handle being interrogated at the moment.

Once they arrive at Will's house in Wolf Trap, Will thanks the driver and pays him, leaving a sizable tip. He limps inside, cradling his ribs. His dogs have been outside in the cold all night so they bound inside once he opens the door. Winston doesn't, though. He stops with Will and whimpers, nudging his nose into Will's leg. He can tell something is wrong with his master.

"I'm alright, buddy," He says to the dog, patting his head.

His phone starts to ring, startling him. He looks at the caller ID and sees it's Hannibal.

"Hey," Will answers, his voice raw from sobbing.

"Hello, Will. Are you alright? You missed your appointment last night."

"Uh, yeah, I'm just feeling under the weather. I'm sorry for not calling you."

"That's okay. Get well soon." Hannibal says, and the conversation ends. Hannibal can tell Will is lying, his voice sounds raw and more pained than usual. He decides he will pay a visit to the younger man to make sure he's alright.

Will tosses his phone on the bed and makes his way to the bathroom. He takes off his shirt and jeans, and for the first time, looks at himself in the mirror. He gasps at how he looks. His face is cut and bruised, his lip is split, his chest has a dark bruise where he believes his rib is cracked, and he has various scratch marks along his torso and back. He doesn't even remember how he got some of the injuries.

He gets in the shower, letting the too hot water burn as it hits his skin. It hurts, but he relishes the feeling. He looks down and sees the pink tinted water running down his legs. He's still in disbelief that this happened and that Matthew Brown is still out there. He also doesn't understand why Matthew just let him go. It doesn't make sense.

Once out of the shower, Will gets dressed and calls Jack to let him know he needs to take a few personal days. Thankfully, Jack doesn't pushback to his request. With that out of the way, he gets to work on breakfast for the dogs.

As the dogs begin eating, there's a knock on Will's door. He panics, knowing he's not expecting anyone. *What if it's Matthew?* Will worries, but eventually convinces himself Matthew wouldn't bother knocking. He opens the door to reveal Hannibal, complete with breakfast for the two of them.

"May I come in?" Hannibal asks.

"Uh, yeah, sure." Will answers awkwardly.

Once Hannibal is through the threshold, he gets a whiff of... is that *blood*? Will is also not wearing his dreadful aftershave, which is quite unusual. He sees the wounds on Will's face, but they aren't actively bleeding.

"What happened to you?" Hannibal questions, a look of concern on his face.

"It's nothing, please don't worry about it." Will says, his voice wavering.

Hannibal immediately knows the younger man is lying. He needs to figure out how he wants to play this. He can tell Will is hurting, both physically and emotionally. He watches Will as he limps (though he tries to hide the limp) to the kitchen and sits down in a chair with a small hiss.

Hannibal follows and sits down in the chair across from him. They eat the breakfast Hannibal prepared and it's delicious. Will tells him so as he shovels the food into his mouth.

Once they finish the food, Hannibal looks expectantly at Will.

"Tell me what's wrong. I can tell you are injured. You know my nose is stronger than most. I smell *blood*." Hannibal implores.

"It's, uh, not that bad." Will lies. He knows his rib is cracked and his ass is still bleeding.

"Don't lie to me, William." Hannibal chastises.

Will flinches at the use of his full name, knocking off the now empty bowl he ate his breakfast from. The plastic clatters on the ground.

"Fuck, I-I'm sorry," Will stammers, bending down to pick it up without thinking. He groans in pain as he feels the pressure on his ribs.

"You're going to let me take a look at you or we're going to the hospital. Your choice." Hannibal declares.

Will is torn. He really doesn't want to go to the hospital, but he also doesn't want Hannibal to see the state he's in. He'll know what happened as soon as Will undresses.

"Okay. No hospital, you can take a look." Will acquiesces, deciding it's the least invasive option.

"Let's go in the bedroom. And take your shirt off, please."

Will nods jerkily, stripping his T-shirt off slowly, placing it beside him on the bed. Hannibal takes one look at his torso and his face changes from concern to anger. Will swallows down the urge to apologize. He doesn't have anything to apologize for he reminds himself.

"This bruising looks pretty severe." Hannibal observes, instructing Will to lie back on the bed so he can get a better feel for the injury. When Will lies back, his pants pull down slightly, revealing the crescent shaped cuts on his hips.

Hannibal intakes a sharp breath at the sight. Someone has hurt Will, and that will not be tolerated. But he quells his anger and starts to examination. He gently palpates the bruising over the ribs, and Will groans in pain.

"It seems as if your lowest rib is cracked. Not severely, but it would explain why you're in so much pain." Hannibal explains. "We'll need to give you something for the pain, at least for a few days and you need to ensure you're taking deep breaths. A broken rib puts you at risk for pneumonia."

Will just nods, his eyes glassy. Hannibal guesses that Will has retreated inside himself to be able to tolerate the exam. He runs a gentle hand through Will's hair, trying to bring him back to the present.

Will looks around and then at Hannibal. Hannibal asks if he heard what he'd said about Will's rib. Will repeats the instructions and Hannibal is satisfied.

"You know I've got quite the sense of smell, and I can smell blood. You're bleeding from *somewhere*." Hannibal states. "Please, tell me where else you are hurt."

Logically, Hannibal can guess what's happened to his Will from looking at the injuries on his torso and hips. And it makes him angry. He wants to kill someone. The feeling takes him aback because he's never killed for a reason like this. But whoever did this to Will deserves a fate *worse* than death.

"It's probably coming from my, uh, my ass." Will murmurs, flushing red. Hannibal isn't phased by the revelation, since that's what he expected. He asks Will to remove his pants and he helps the younger man slide them doing his legs.

"Roll over onto your stomach, please." Hannibal requests gently. Will complies. He hates the way this feels. He feels so exposed, so vulnerable. He tries his best to remind himself he's with Hannibal and he doesn't think Hannibal would hurt him.

Hannibal puts on gloves and parts Will's cheeks. Immediately, he can see the inflammation and a few droplets of blood leaking from what appears to be a rather severe tear.

"I hate to say this, Will, but this is *bad*. I can't treat you here. You need to go to the hospital."

Will's mouth goes dry. If he goes to the hospital they're going to poke and prod at him. They'll try to get him to call the police. He can't do that. He's so fucking embarrassed that he got taken and assaulted by someone smaller than him. He didn't stand a fucking chance. He's so angry at himself.



## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will to the hospital.

Hannibal assists Will in getting dressed once again and helps him out to the car. Will does his best not to hiss in pain as he sits, but he can't help it. He feels humiliated and *defiled* and he's reminded with every move he makes.

"You can't tell them what happened," Will warns.

"You haven't even told me what happened. How could I tell anyone?" Hannibal points out.

"I don't need to tell you for you to get an idea from my, uh, injuries."

Hannibal doesn't intend to disclose Will's secret, he didn't even want to take him to the hospital, but the extent of his injuries require more care than he could provide at home. If he could have avoided taking Will to the hospital, he would have.

They arrive a few minutes later and walk into the emergency room entrance. The hospital isn't busy, thankfully. Will and Hannibal walk up to the front desk, and the nurse asks what the reason for the visit is. Will chokes up but manages to whisper out that he needs treatment due to a sexual assault. He knows how these things go, having been a cop before he worked with the FBI, but it's different when you're the one being treated.

The nurse's face softens at the news, and she calls another nurse to show them to a private room. At first, they ask that Hannibal stay in the waiting room, but Will doesn't want to be alone and grabs onto Hannibal's suit jacket. The nurse looks between the two of them and says he can come along too. At that, Will drops Hannibal's arm and they follow the nurse to the room.

She begins to ask him questions.

"When did the assault occur?"

"Last night."

"Was the assailant male or female?"

"Male."

“Did he penetrate you anally?”

“Yes.”

“Is there anything else he did that you think may be important?”

“He, uh, preformed fellatio on me.” Will says quietly. “And he kicked me pretty hard in the ribs. We think one might be broken.”

He also mentions that he was hit in the head pretty hard, but he doesn’t think he has a concussion.

“Okay. I’m going to step out, please take your clothes off and put this gown on.” The nurse says, handing him a gown and a paper sheet. “Let me know when you are ready for me to come back in.”

Will’s hands are shaking and he’s having trouble unbuttoning his shirt, so Hannibal gets up and does it for him. Will whispers a thank you and manages to get his pants off on his own. Once Will is dressed in the gown, with the paper sheet draped over his legs, Hannibal lets the nurse know Will is ready. *Ready as he’ll ever be, anyway*, Will thinks.

The nurse comes in and a doctor follows in a few moments later. The nurse places an IV, telling Will they are giving him several medications to prevent STIs and some fluids because he appears to be dehydrated.

The doctor sits down on a stool and rolls up to Will. He tells Will to lie back and pull up the gown so he can examine Will’s torso. He palpates the bruising around the ribs and he confirms what Hannibal thought. The rib is broken, but not severely. He’ll just need to rest.

Next, the doctor shines a light in each of his eyes, and as he suspected, his pupils are equal and reactive. He most likely does not have a concussion.

“The next part of this exam is going to be the most difficult.” The doctor explains, taking off his gloves and putting new ones on. “Scoot down on the table and put your feet up in the stirrups.” Will complies, feeling more exposed than he did when he was naked and tied up by Matthew, if that’s even possible.

The doctor starts by examining the outside of Will’s rectum. He sees what Hannibal saw, telling Will the tearing is severe. He continues the exam though, inserting a gloved finger into his rectum, feeling around the ring of muscle. Will hisses at the intrusion and the pressure against his internal injuries. Finally, the doctor removes his finger. He tells the nurse to take a blood sample, and asks if Will would be willing to provide a urine sample.

“I guess.” Will answers. He actually does need to pee, the pressure on his bladder had been steadily increasing for the last hour. He takes the provided container and goes to the bathroom. He finishes up, bringing the container of his urine with him. He’s always felt embarrassed carrying these around, like anyone in the hospital actually cares. He feels like there’s a sign on his head advertising that he’s a rape victim, but he reminds himself there are

plenty of other reasons to give a urine sample.

When he gets back and sits back up on the examination table, the doctor tells him how he intends to treat the anal fissure. It's too severe to allow it to heal on its own, so he's going to place some dissolving stitches in the wound.

"I know this is not going to be comfortable for you, so we can give you some Ativan and local anesthetic if you'd like. Will agrees and they administer a strong dose of Ativan into the IV. The local anesthetic injection has to be given in his ass, but by the time they get him on his belly and are ready to give the injection, the Ativan has taken effect and Will feels relaxed. He does hiss at the pain of the injections, but he's too high to linger on the discomfort.

After a few minutes, the doctor tests the area to ensure it's numb, and when Will doesn't respond to his touches, he proceeds. The doctor irrigates the wound as best as he can and spreads betadine on it. He gets to work placing the stitches carefully but quickly. Will doesn't care, he feels pretty good. *Best he's felt in a while*, he thinks.

Will looks over at Hannibal who has been quietly sitting in the corner of the room.

"Hey," Will says, getting his attention. "Thank you for helping me. I wouldn't have been able to come here if you hadn't convinced me."

After that, the doctor announces he's finished. He is prescribing some antibiotics as a precaution and recommends Will increase the fiber in his diet as well as take stool softeners.

"Got it, doc," Will replies with a thumbs up.

Hannibal actually does have it, though. He makes note of the doctor's instruction, though he really doesn't need to. He'd recommend the same treatment for an injury of this type. The doctor wishes them well and leaves the room.

The nurse is typing into the computer and asks if Will wants to contact the police to report his assault.

"No, thank you." He replies. He knows if he does that, everyone will find out what happened and he doesn't want to deal with the fallout of it. He'd prefer to just heal and forget about what happened. They give him prescriptions for pain medications and antibiotics and discharge him. In all, the exam and suturing took only a couple of hours. The nurse told him they should have his urine and blood sample results back tomorrow.

He's fairly certain they won't find anything, but maybe they will. Who knows how long Matthew had been watching him before he attacked. That makes Will feel uneasy. *What if he's still being watched? Oh god, what if he tries to do it again?* Those thoughts are enough to send him spiraling into a panic attack.

"Will," Hannibal says, trying to get the younger man's attention. He can see him spiraling into a panic attack and he wants to stop it. Hannibal wonders if he's taken such an interest in

Will's recovery because he feels guilty. He didn't frame Will for the murders of Cassie Boyle, Georgia Madchen, or Abigail Hobbs, but he did believe it when presented with the evidence despite how adamantly Will insisted he was innocent.

Will had even insisted that Hannibal was responsible for the murders, but he knows Will was not well then and the things he said weren't taken seriously. Even though Hannibal *did* kill those people, he didn't want Will to take the fall for him.

"I'm going to take you to my home, Will. You shouldn't be alone right now." Hannibal says, as they get Will into the car. Will just nods in agreement, still pretty out of it from the Ativan. Hannibal wants to grill Will about who did this to him. Every time he looks at Will and sees the injuries on his face and the rope burns on his wrists, he is filled with anger.

By the time they get home, Will is asleep. The drug induced sleep means his rest is mostly peaceful, not plagued by nightmares he usually has. Hannibal wonders what kind of nightmares he will have now with this new trauma. It's different when the fucked up thing actually happens to you. Hannibal has an odd curiosity to see how this will break Will apart, because he's sure it will—at least somewhat. He only hopes he can be the instrument that puts him back together.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

The first part of this chapter deals with Will's time in the BSHCI. The rest is in the present.

Will spent a few weeks in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, suspected to have committed a few murders, he'd been released a week prior to the event with Matthew Brown. While in the hospital, he insisted he was innocent to anyone who would listen, and even tried to convince them that Hannibal was the killer. Will's encephalitis caused him to lose time, hallucinate, and have seizures. While he didn't murder anyone, he couldn't account for his whereabouts for the timing of each murder.

That, along with some circumstantial evidence, made a compelling case against him. He had moments where he thought maybe he did kill them all, but he convinces himself he would have *some* kind of recollection of the murders. Matthew Brown was his primary caregiver while he was imprisoned, and as such, listened to many of Will's ramblings. He'd been treated for the encephalitis, but his brain was still working to try and piece together the time he lost. At all hours of the day, he would talk to himself, indirectly talking to Matthew as well, since he was watching him most of the time.

Matthew, being the budding serial killer he is, took Will's words to heart. At first, he thought Will was a murderer, and wanted to listen to what he'd say about each kill. The more he listened, the more he heard about Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Matthew believed Will wholeheartedly that Hannibal had framed him for the murders, and he grew to *hate* Hannibal.

One evening, Matthew is cuffing Will and taking him to the showers, and he whispers to Will, telling him the cameras are cut off and he can speak freely. Will is taken aback by this, mostly because he hadn't considered that someone was actually listening to him in the days prior.

"I, uh, have nothing to say." Will replies awkwardly.

"I believe you, though. I think Dr. Lecter did frame you. I want to help you." Brown announces.

"Look, I wasn't well when I was saying all that, he didn't frame me. Why would he?" Will shakes his head. He likes Hannibal and feels guilty for trying to ruin his reputation.

"Maybe because he's the Chesapeake Ripper and committed all of those murders and others?"

“That’s insane. He’s not a serial killer.” Will denies.

“Alright, if you say so.” Matthew finishes, and walks him away from his cell where the cameras are on.

As Will showers, Matthew doesn’t hide the fact that he’s staring. Will absentmindedly thinks it’s creepy, but being institutionalized means you get no privacy. He finishes showering quickly in the lukewarm water and grabs his towel, wrapping it around his waist. He hates the scratchy fibers on the towels they provide, but he supposes it’s better than nothing. He dries off and dresses in a clean jumpsuit, leaving the towel on the shower floor, not allowed to have them in their cells.

Matthew cuffs him again, this time pressing into Will’s body quite a bit more than necessary. Will tells him to stop, primarily thinking of the cameras that might be recording it, since Matthew doesn’t handle those cameras. It does get pretty lonely being in his cell for most of day, every day, so he can’t say that he *hates* the close contact. Everybody needs human interaction sometimes.

Once they’re back in his cell block, Matthew un-cuffs him and twists him around so they’re facing. The orderly plants a wet kiss on Will’s lips. At that, Will does shove him off. He doesn’t want that kind of physical interaction with the man. Matthew seemingly accepts his refusal and doesn’t attempt to kiss him again. Will doesn’t linger on the orderly’s behavior since he doesn’t make it a habit. He doesn’t know that Matthew has slowly become entirely obsessed with him. He’s not aware that Matthew watches him, even when he’s off the clock. He’s oblivious to the fact that Matthew stalks him after he’s released, waiting to make a move.

Matthew watches Will as he goes back to his life. He watches Will’s home, he even goes inside when Will is at work. He feeds the dogs treats so they don’t bark at him when he shows up. He follows Will to and from his job, making note of the time and the routes he takes. He even follows him to Hannibal’s office for his appointments. When Will decides not to go to his appointment that night, Matthew decides it’s as good a time as any to make his move. He’d long ago accepted Will wouldn’t want him willingly, but that was alright. He’d just take what he wants.

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When Will wakes up in a bed that’s not his own, *again*, he panics. For a moment he thinks he never got away from Matthew, but he looks around and quickly recalls that Hannibal took him home after the hospital. He’s in Hannibal’s guest room. He feels guilty, looking down at himself, seeing his borrowed clothes and the bed drenched in his sweat. Groaning as he gets up, still in a considerable amount of pain from his injuries, he decides he needs to go home.

He gets up and goes downstairs. He sees Hannibal on the couch, reading a book.

“Thank you, for helping me out... yesterday? What is today?” Will asks.

“You slept for about 16 hours,” Hannibal answers, glancing at his wristwatch.

“Thanks, again, but I need to go home.” Will says. He’s grateful, he really is. But this is not a problem he wants to share with Hannibal. He half expects Hannibal to argue, but he doesn’t, only putting his book down and offering Will a ride.

Will accepts the ride because the alternative is taking a taxi. They drive in companionable silence, until Hannibal tells Will he is here if he wants to talk.

“Thanks, but I’m alright.” He lies. He’s so far from alright. He feels worse than he did in the BSHCI.

“I still expect to see you for our sessions, it’s more important than ever that you keep up with your therapy.” Hannibal says as they pull into Will’s driveway.

Will agrees to see him for their session tomorrow evening and goes inside. His dogs go crazy, barking like mad since he’s been gone for almost 24 hours. He’s pleasantly surprised that he doesn’t have any messes to clean up.

Once Hannibal’s car is out of sight, Will opens the door and lets the dogs out. They bound out into the cold air, sniffing and barking. He closes the screen door and gets them their breakfast ready. He sets the bowls down on the kitchen floor and opens the screen door, whistling for his pack to come in.

While they eat, he sits on his bed, unsure of what to do with himself. He needs to figure out where Matthew went, and if he’s still in danger. He vows to himself that he won’t be caught off guard again. If he has to, he’ll kill Matthew. He wonders if he should have told Hannibal who is responsible for this attack, but decided against it, because he doesn’t want anyone else involved if he does end up killing Matthew.

He decides the best thing to do for now is to invest in a home security system as well as cameras around his property. He wants to know if Matthew is watching him. He changes into clothes of his own and leaves to go to Walmart.

He realizes as he walks around the crowded supermarket that he’s more paranoid than ever before. He thinks he keeps seeing Matthew in the corner of his eye, but when he turns around, there’s no one there. He quickly finds the cameras he’s looking for and gets out of the store. He, for some reason, feels safer in his car than he did around all of those people.

Unfortunately for Will, Matthew is watching. He’s waiting. Matthew loves playing this new game with Will. He follows Will home, allowing the man to drive about a mile ahead of him, since he knows where Will’s home is. He parks his car off the main road, obscuring it with some brush and makes the walk toward Will’s house. He doesn’t get close, nowhere near close enough for the dogs to see him, but he is close enough to use binoculars and see into Will’s house. Matthew laughs to himself, thinking the man doesn’t even own curtains. Anyone who wants to can look inside. Matthew feels a stab of jealousy at the idea. Will is his and he doesn’t intend to share.

Matthew thinks Hannibal might be a problem. He'd watched as Hannibal showed up to Will's house after their evening of fun and seethed when he saw Hannibal taking care of him. *How could Will let a man like him into his house and allow him to see his body?!* He gets angry just thinking about it. He wants complete control of Will and to do that, he might have to get rid of Hannibal.

## Chapter 4

The next day, Will gets ready to go to Hannibal's office for his appointment. He regrets saying that he'd keep the appointment because he still feels like he's been hit by a bus. He convinces himself to go simply to avoid Hannibal's disappointed phone call he'd definitely get. He arrives at Hannibal's office right on time, and is standing in the waiting room when Hannibal opens the door, motioning for him to come inside.

"How are you?" Hannibal starts.

Will looks at him unamused as he makes his way to his chair, throwing himself down on it, forgetting about his injuries.

"Fuck me," He hisses, embarrassed.

"I don't think that would be appropriate given our doctor patient relationship," Hannibal replies with a smirk.

"You know I didn't mean it like that," Will laughs. "Besides, I thought these were just conversations, not an official relationship?"

"Is that still what you'd like them to be? As you know, we do it this way so you don't have to talk with a psychiatrist from the FBI."

"Yeah, I prefer it this way. Almost like I'm having a conversation with a friend instead of a doctor."

"Wasn't it you who said we should keep it professional when we first worked together?" Hannibal points out.

"Yeah, but it's different now."

"Tell me about that. How has it changed?"

*How hasn't it changed?* Will thinks. Hannibal has been there through his encephalitis, his wrongful imprisonment, and now the assault. Hell, the man even stayed when Will was convinced Hannibal was the murderer. Instead of all that, he just says that Hannibal has been there for him, even when he's been at his worst.

"You're my paddle in the stream. I don't think I could have made it through all of this without you." Will's voice cracks at the end. He is *not* going to cry right now.

"I bought cameras and a security system yesterday because I feel like I'm being watched." Will admits.

"Did that give you a sense of security?"

“Not really. M-,” Will cuts himself off, almost saying Matthew, “the guy who abducted me took me right from my house. My dogs didn’t even bark. It makes me think he’s too smart for any of that to deter him.”

“You’re not going to tell me who did this to you, are you?”

“No. I think it’s better that nobody knows.” Will says, biting his lip nervously. *Because nobody needs to know who he is until he’s dead*, Will says to himself.

“At least tell me, is it someone you work with?”

“No, it’s not.” Will tells him since that doesn’t narrow down the suspect pool much.

After Will leaves, Hannibal stays in his office. He heard Will’s slip up. Whoever attacked him has a name that starts with M. He can work with that. He’ll hunt them down and tear them apart. He fantasizes about cutting pieces off the man and feeding them to him.

Matthew followed Will to his appointment, but he didn’t follow him home. He stays parked outside Hannibal’s building waiting for the psychiatrist to come out. He’s going to do Will a favor by getting rid of this man. Now is as good a time as any, since it’s late. Nobody will be expecting to hear from the psychiatrist until tomorrow. It gives Matthew time to deal with him. He gets out of his car and walks up near the building door, waiting with his hood pulled over his head. The doctor should be coming out soon—and right on cue, the door opens.

Matthew approaches him once he locks the door and turns around to walk out to his car. Matthew steps into his way, smirking when it’s clear Hannibal recognizes him.

“Hello Matthew, what can I do for you?”

Matthew pulls out the weapon in his pocket, a tranquilizer gun. He shoots Hannibal in the chest and he almost immediately falls to the ground, unconscious. Matthew quickly maneuvers the heavy man into the back of his car, zip tying his wrists behind his back. He has plans for this man. Will will thank him later.

Some time later, Hannibal awakens, slowly becoming aware of the position he’s been placed in. He’s definitely in a barn, there’s a noose around his neck, and his arms are held out taped to a... stick? He thinks, feeling the sensation of wood against his arms. He dully thinks he’s going to have splinters. More concerning he realizes, his wrists are slit vertically, steadily bleeding, and he’s balancing on an unstable bucket.

“You’re finally awake, nice to have you present!” Matthew says happily. “Now, you’re probably wondering why you’re here. Am I right?”

“That’s a correct assumption,” Hannibal replies, obviously unamused.

“I am doing our dear Will a favor. He likes you too much, and I don’t like *sharing*.”

“Did he ask you to do this?”

“No, but he didn’t have to.”

Hannibal at this point realizes this must be Will’s attacker. The man is completely obsessed with Will, to the point he will murder for him? Hannibal is under no illusion that this will end any other way than in his death.

“I thought about just slitting your throat outside your office, but that seemed too dignified for you after what you’ve done.”

“Please, enlighten me, what did I do?” Hannibal asks, not caring, but buying time.

“You’re the reason Will was wrongfully imprisoned! You killed those people and framed Will for it!” Matthew shouts angrily.

“While I did kill those people, I didn’t have any part in framing Will. I wouldn’t do that to him. He is my friend.” Hannibal says, truthfully. It’s not like lying matters at this point. “I did everything in my power to get him exonerated without incriminating myself.”

Matthew looks at him with a squint. “Huh. Your pupils didn’t change. Maybe you’re telling the truth, or maybe you’re a damn good liar.”

He walks back and forth in front of Hannibal, considering his next move.

“You know, I don’t even care if that’s the truth,” Matthew begins, “I still don’t want to share Will. He’s mine. We’ve shared some special moments together, I’ll bet we’ve been closer than you have been.”

“You’re right. I didn’t *rape* him.” *That may have been impulsive*, Hannibal thinks after he said it, seeing Matthew begin to seethe.

“He *wanted* it! He just didn’t know it at the time. We’re in love.”

“You’re insane.” Hannibal deadpans.

Matthew gets angry at that and leaves the barn he has Hannibal strung up in. At this point, the sun is beginning to come up and Hannibal is alone with his thoughts, trying to figure out a way out of this mess.

In Wolf Trap, Will is sitting up in his bed, sweat covered, his heart racing. Another nightmare, not about the gruesome nature of his job, but about his own assault. He finds sick humor in the fact that dismembered bodies and murderers don’t impact him the way a sexual assault does. He doesn’t have time to linger on the thought, though. He thinks he left his phone at Hannibal’s office last night, so he needs to go back and see if he can find it. The sun is fully up by the time he strips the sheets off his bed and gets showered and dressed. He feeds the dogs and heads out the door.

When he pulls up to the office, it still looks closed. He looks around, confused. Wishing he had his phone to call Hannibal, but since that's what he's here for, he's out of luck. Something about this isn't sitting right with him though, so he gets out of his car and looks around. He sees Hannibal's car parked across the street and goes to look inside. It's empty. It doesn't look like Hannibal ever left his office last night.

He goes up to the building door and it's locked. He looks around and spots a set of keys, and a wallet in the bushes next to the building. He picks them up and immediately sees they belong to Hannibal. His stomach drops, *something has happened*. Will immediately thinks of Matthew. He's almost certain the man has been stalking him. Who's to say he wouldn't hurt Hannibal? Maybe Matthew thinks Hannibal and Will are together and he obviously can't allow that.

Will takes the keys and wallet and gets into his car. He knows where Matthew lives. He looked it up after his assault. He felt it was important to have the information handy, so he starts his drive to Matthew's address. He gets there, somewhat surprised to see Matthew lives on a small farm. He gets out of the car, drawing his service weapon, aiming it in front of him. The barn door is ajar so he decides to check there first.

Will almost drops his gun when he enters the barn and sees Hannibal strung up there. "Oh my god," He gasps, running to help his friend.

He steps up to work on untying the noose, but Hannibal whispers, "behind you,". Will whips around, aiming his gun at Matthew Brown. He's unarmed, but clearly dangerous, so Will shoots him in the shoulder. Matthew falls to the ground with a wail of pain.

With Matthew subdued, Will works to free Hannibal, pulling out his knife and cutting the noose and duct tape on his arms. He helps Hannibal down off the bucket, since he's lost quite a bit of blood and looks like he could pass out at any moment. He rips his own T-shirt to make bandages for Hannibal's wrists. Once they're bandaged up as best as possible, he turns to look at Matthew, who has fallen unconscious from the gunshot wound.

"I didn't want to tell you who attacked me because I wanted to kill him. I didn't want to get justice in any legal way." Will admits, turning back to Hannibal.

"I figured as much, but you should know, I won't tell Jack, or anyone." Hannibal assures. "I'll even help you, if you want it."

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

While Will is fussing over Hannibal, Matthew wakes up, still bleeding from the gunshot wound on his shoulder. Matthew realizes he has an opportunity to leave, he knows it would be unwise to try and fight Will when he is injured.

Hannibal has slipped into unconsciousness, so he doesn't alert Will to the man getting up behind him. Matthew watches them for a split second, before turning and walking out of the barn. He grabs his keys and rushes for his car. When Will hears the car door open, he turns to see Matthew gone, a trail of blood leading out of the barn. He lets Matthew go, deciding Hannibal needs his attention more.

"Hey, Hannibal. We're gonna get you up now, alright?" Will says, putting Hannibal's arm around his neck. Will grunts at the exertion. The man is not light. He briefly wonders how Matthew managed to get him here.

Hannibal does his best to help, carrying as much of his own weight as possible. Will decides since Matthew has left, to bring Hannibal into the house. Once he gets Hannibal on the couch, he takes a chance to look around the home. It's very neat, seeming almost too clean to belong to someone like Matthew.

Will tells Hannibal to wait as he looks in the house for first aid supplies. He finds a first aid kit in the bathroom, so he grabs it and walks back into the living area.

"Are you hurt anywhere other than your wrists?" Will asks, preparing to clean the wounds with alcohol wipes.

"Uh, no. He didn't do anything else," Hannibal replies.

Will sighs in relief. He was worried Matthew had sexually assaulted him.

"He's only interested in having you. He wanted to get me out of the way." Hannibal admits, as if he could read Will's mind.

"This is going to sting," Will warns, placing the alcohol on the first wound. Hannibal hisses in pain.

Once both of the wounds are sufficiently cleaned, Will uses butterfly bandages to close the wounds as best he can, and wraps them in gauze.

"Why did he think he needed to get you out of the way? We're not, I mean, we're not dating or anything." Will manages to ask, embarrassed at even using the word dating in reference to he and Hannibal's relationship.

“Matthew seems to believe otherwise,” Hannibal answers.

Will furrows his brows at the news. Wondering how Matthew can see how Will feels about Hannibal. Hell, Will isn't even sure he feels that way for Hannibal. He thinks he might though, especially after today. When he realized something had happened to Hannibal, he was afraid. He's found that he definitely wants Hannibal in his life, but he's not sure how much of a role he wants to man to take on.

“I was really worried about you, you know.” Will admits.

“How'd you know where to find me?”

Will tells him he'd gone to his office to retrieve his missing phone, but when he found Hannibal not there and his car still nearby, he knew something was up.

“How'd you know it was Matthew?”

“Who else would it be?” Will retorts.

“Fair enough. I am in your debt. You very likely saved my life.”

Will is getting antsy being in Matthew's house. Now that Hannibal is safe, his brain has decided it's a good time to barrage him with memories. He can feel Matthew's hands on his body and his breath against his neck. Those memories and the adrenaline leaving his body makes him nauseous. He leaves Hannibal watching in confusion as he darts out the door and vomits outside.

He cleans himself up the best he can and comes back inside with a sheepish apology.

“It's alright, I can't imagine this has been easy for you, given your traumatic experience with the man.” Hannibal reassures.

Will jerkily nods in agreement, then asks if Hannibal thinks he can get up on his own. Hannibal answers by standing, albeit slowly. Will snakes an arm around Hannibal's waist and helps him to the car.

“I kind of want to burn that barn to the ground,” Will laughs humorlessly.

“I do not think that would be wise, unless of course you want the police involved.”

Will does not respond, lost in thought. The rest of the drive to Hannibal's is quiet. By the time they arrive, it's evident Hannibal is feeling a little better.

“Would you like to come inside for a bit?” Hannibal asks.

“Oh, um, sure.” Will accepts. He wanted to come inside more than anything, but he wasn't going to ask.

Once inside, Hannibal makes his way to the kitchen but Will stops him, telling him he's in no condition to be cooking. Will can't cook to save his life so he tells Hannibal they're ordering takeout. Hannibal reluctantly agrees, a pout on his face.

Will orders a pizza and Hannibal excuses himself to go shower.

"Let me know if you need help with anything." Will offers awkwardly. He doesn't have the same bedside manner Hannibal does.

Hannibal assures him he'll be fine and leaves Will sitting on the couch. At that moment he realizes he never got his phone and Hannibal's car is still at his office. That's a problem for tomorrow, Will decides. When Hannibal finishes his shower, he comes out wrapped in nothing but a towel and it makes Will's mouth go dry. The man is toned and the salt and pepper chest hair adds to the look. He barely notices the various bruises and scrapes that litter the man's body.

Hannibal sees Will gawking and smirks. If Will weren't traumatized, he'd do him a favor and just drop the towel, but he decides better of it.

"Do you like the view?" Hannibal asks cheekily, leaving the towel on.

Will goes wide eyed, sputtering an answer to the question.

He wants to say yes but that seems weird, but he also thinks saying no would be rude. He settles on maybe.

"Maybe?" He replies, phrasing it as a question rather than an answer. His cheeks are burning, he knows they're a bright red. "Oh, god, I'm so sorry."

Hannibal leaves Will with his embarrassment and gets dressed. When he returns, it seems Will has put himself back together, mostly. The doorbell rings just as Hannibal takes a seat next to Will. Will gets up quickly, almost tripping over his own feet and gets the door. He pays the delivery driver and goes back to sit with Hannibal.

"Do you want to eat here or in the dining room?" Will asks.

"Here is fine." Hannibal smiles.

"What are we?" Will blurts.

"What do you mean?"

"Like, our relationship? M-Matthew seems to think we are more than friends. Do you think there's any truth to that?"

"We're friends, yes?"

“Oh, yeah, of course. I meant—“ Will pauses nervously, “do you think there’s something more here?”

Hannibal doesn’t answer immediately, unsure of how to play it. He does like Will, and finds the man fascinating. He doesn’t know if pursuing a relationship would be good for Will’s mental health right now, though.

“I’m sorry... I don’t even know if you like men. You could be straight.” Will laments.

“I can assure you, I am not straight and I do *like* you, Will.”

Will smiles up at him at that, his puppy-dog eyes staring right into whatever is left of Hannibal’s soul. Hannibal likes seeing Will happy. His face softens in a way that seems almost childlike. Hannibal guesses that Will was never allowed to be a child, with his empathy disorder and losing his mother so young. The years of trauma from his job and childhood have aged the man prematurely. Hannibal fights back the urge to just take the man in his arms and hold him, unsure how Will would feel about that. He settles for just placing his hand gently on the side of the other man’s face. He’s surprised when Will’s hand comes up against his own pressing it more firmly against his cheek.

Will’s eyes slip closed and his mouth falls open slightly. He is relaxed, more relaxed than Hannibal has ever seen him. It seems Will aches for touch, though he does not know how to ask for it. Hannibal takes a chance by removing his hand from Will’s cheek and pulling the man closer, so that he’s lying against him. He feels Will’s shoulders tense and then relax once he realizes Hannibal is just holding him.

Will turns to face Hannibal and buries his face in the larger man’s chest. Hannibal can hear Will make a soft noise of satisfaction against him. He moves his hand up and down Will’s back in soothing motions. Will feels like the stress from the last few days just seeps out of him. The muscle tension he was carrying is gone. He feels so, so good.

“Please, don’t stop,” Will whines. He’s too out of it to even care that he *whined* the request.

“I won’t,” Hannibal promises. He continues rubbing the man’s back until he’s snoring softly against him.

## Chapter End Notes

All the dialogue, and fluff. I just want someone to hold me like that tbh.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*This is embarrassing*, Will thinks, waking up on the couch snuggled against Hannibal. Hannibal is still asleep and at some point in the night, they'd ended up spooning. Will tries to maneuver out of Hannibal's grasp but it's pointless. The man's hold on him is too strong. Will stills, thinking about his next move. He *is* pretty comfortable, does he really have to get up right now?

He allows his eyes to close, and he relaxes his back against Hannibal's chest. Will would laugh at himself for being so touch starved if it didn't feel so nice. He hears Hannibal... *moan*? Oh god, Hannibal has morning wood. Will decides now is the time to get up, but he tries to move again and Hannibal grabs him tighter, pulling him right up against his chest and against his erection. He tries to remind himself Hannibal is asleep and he doesn't know what he's doing. His self talk doesn't work to quell the panicked yelp that comes up when Hannibal's hand gropes at his dick.

The noise Will makes seems to wake Hannibal up because his arm is quickly removed from Will, and in Will's hurry to get away, he falls down onto the floor with a groan. He scrambles up and walks to the bathroom, ignoring the urge to scurry away like a kicked puppy. The door shuts loudly behind him. Outside, Hannibal has woken up completely and is slowly piecing together what happened, his brows knitted together in thought.

"Will?" He calls out from the couch. "Are you alright?"

Will is rinsing his face with cool water, berating himself for having some kind of panic response to the unwanted touches. He reasons with himself that it's Hannibal. He's not going to hurt him.

"Uh, yeah, I'm fine. I'll be—I'll be out in a minute," Will calls out, voice wavering. *Get it together dumbass*, he berates himself.

Once he feels like he's got himself mostly composed, he comes back out. Hannibal is still sitting on the couch, a look of concern plastered on his face.

"I'm sorry about—that," Hannibal says, gesturing vaguely at the couch.

"It's fine." Will replies. He wants to mean it, he wants to be alright. He doesn't want to admit otherwise because that means he's more traumatized than he thought. He feels like his skin is crawling and his heart rate is only now becoming normal again.

"How are you?" Will asks, hoping to deflect the topic away from himself. "Are you in any pain?"

“Some, but it’s nothing I can’t handle.” Hannibal replies, stoic as ever. Will wonders if the man has ever been afraid in his life, he sure doesn’t act like it.

“That’s good.” Will says, sitting down on the couch next to Hannibal. The pain in his ass still flares up at the movement, reminding him he still has stitches there. With the events of yesterday, he’d completely neglected his own body, and it’s reminding him today.

“How are *you*?” Hannibal asks, having watched Will sit down slowly. He didn’t miss the pain that flashed over the younger man’s face.

“I’m still,” he sighs, “pretty sore.” He looks at Hannibal but finds he’s struggling to make eye contact—which isn’t unusual for him—but he’s been doing pretty well with Hannibal.

“Falling off the couch on my ass definitely didn’t help.” He finishes with a laugh.

Hannibal asks him if he’s considered trying a sitz bath. Will shakes his head no. When has he had the time to take a bath? He doesn’t voice that question though. Hannibal insists he take one and gets up to prepare it. Will feels guilty to have Hannibal fussing over him when he’s got injuries of his own, but he acquiesces anyway.

“There’s towels in the closet there and I’ve got a change of clothes for you here,” Hannibal says, placing the clothes on the bathroom counter. “Let me know if you need anything, I’ll make some breakfast.” With that, Hannibal leaves, softly closing the door behind him.

Will looks at the door and debates on locking it, but decides not to. He’s a guest in Hannibal’s house and he’s always felt odd locking doors in houses that aren’t his. Like he doesn’t have that right or something. He begins stripping off his clothing, starting with his shirt. He unbuttons it slowly, revealing the ugly, purple bruising on his torso. It’s still tender and it hurts when he breathes, but he’s been trying to ignore it. That kind of wound is pretty par for the course working with the FBI, or even with the police. He doesn’t connect a broken rib to a traumatic experience.

He unbuttons his jeans and tugs the zipper down. He hates looking at himself now. He’s pretty much avoided it since the assault. He’s afraid if he looks too long he’ll empathize with Matthew and see what he sees—just the thought of it makes his stomach turn. Will pulls his jeans down slowly, deciding he will look at the finger shaped bruises on his hips this time. He surprised when he sees other bruising between his thighs because he can’t immediately recall how he got them. He winces when he looks at his ass. The tumble on the floor definitely pulled a stitch. He can see a small droplet of bright red blood trickling down the back of his thigh. It’s not a lot of blood though, so he’s not going to bother his doctor about it.

Finally undressed, he slowly lowers himself into the tub. He groans at the hot water on his aching muscles, feeling the tension seep out of him. Once he’s settled in the tub, he’s reminded of how tired he is. He yawns and his head tilts to the side.

*He opens his eyes, the water having gone cold. He gets out of the tub, grabbing a towel and putting it around his waist. Something isn’t right. He doesn’t bother with getting dressed, he goes downstairs with just the towel around his waist.*

*Someone asks him how his bath was and he turns around to see who the voice belongs to. It's Matthew. He begins to panic, noticing blood on the table and dripping on the floor. He backs up into a corner, trembling.*

*"Where's—where's Hannibal?" He questions, voice shaking.*

*"He's gone. He won't bother us again." Matthew replies, a comically large smile on his face. Matthew gets up from the chair he's sitting on and approaches Will. Matthew closes in on him like he's cornered his prey.*

*"I was wrong, I am a hawk but you're just a mouse." Matthew hisses.*

*Matthew's hand reaches up, gripping Will's throat, and oh god, he **can't** breathe. Will screams but they come out more like desperate cries because of the hand on his trachea. He brings his own arms up to try and remove the hand, but it's no use. His vision begins to tunnel, he's going to pass out.*

*"Will! Wake up!" Hannibal yells, pulling Will up out of the bathtub. Will's eyes open impossibly wide, his breathing coming out in painful pants. He tries to squirm out of Hannibal's grasp, but he's too afraid to put up much of a fight. He stills, looking at Hannibal.*

*"What—what happened?" He croaks out, his throat feeling sore.*

*"I was downstairs making breakfast, and I heard screaming. I rushed up here to see what was wrong and you were under the water." Hannibal recounts.*

*Will is shivering now, the water quickly becoming cold. He feels like all of his energy has been sapped out of him. He's *so tired*. His eyes are unfocused and he knows Hannibal is saying something to him, but he just can't hear it. "—get you out of here," He hears Hannibal finish saying, his voice sounding like it's under water.*

*Will doesn't have the energy to care that Hannibal is holding him up and drying him off. He doesn't care that he's completely naked and dripping water everywhere and he doesn't care that Hannibal's hands are all over him, drying him, getting him dressed.*

*"We—I need to find Matthew. I have to kill him. He can't keep doing this," Will vows to Hannibal as he places him on the bed, covering him with a blanket. Will is asleep when his head hits the pillow. Hannibal sits by him on the bed for a few minutes, just watching him. His hand daring to make its way to Will's head to stroke his damp hair.*

*"We will find him and we will kill him." Hannibal whispers.*

## Chapter End Notes

Matthew is on the loose. What is he planning?



# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

While Will sleeps fitfully in Hannibal's bed, Hannibal decides to leave him for a bit to retrieve his car and Will's phone from his office. He takes a taxi to his office and gets there and home in under half an hour. He checks on Will when he arrives, seeing the man still sleeping, leaves him alone to rest. He very clearly needs it.

Will wakes up sometime later, drenched in sweat, heart racing from a nightmare he thankfully can't remember. He's more distressed by the dampness between his legs. *Did he really wet the fucking bed?* He hasn't done that since he was a child. It's even worse when he realizes he's not in his own bed.

He looks out the window of the room he's in, seeing the sun beginning to set. He knows he's at Hannibal's, but he's not sure which room he's in. He thinks, looking around the elegantly decorated room, he's in Hannibal's own bedroom. It feels oddly intimate, even though Hannibal isn't there with him.

He feels ashamed, realizing he's soiled Hannibal's sheets like a small child. He pushes back his sweat dampened hair and gets out of bed. He strips off the shirt he's wearing, belatedly realizing he's not at home and doesn't have a shirt to change into. He could rifle through Hannibal's dresser, but he isn't going to do that. He doesn't want to overstep his bounds. He looks down at the cotton sleep pants he's wear, debating his next steps.

"You're... awake," Hannibal observes, a pause in his sentence as he takes in Will's disheveled appearance.

"I'm so-I'm so sorry," Will rasps, his face burning bright red.

"It's quite alright, as I'm sure you know, this kind of reaction isn't uncommon for victims of sexual assault."

Will still bristles at being called a victim of sexual assault. He doesn't like seeing himself as a victim of anything, not since he was a child. *That's* a thought he doesn't want to dwell on right now. He's sure Hannibal would have a field day if Will started talking about his father and how he likely had a hand in making Will the way that he is.

Will realizes he's been standing there, staring at nothing while Hannibal works to strip the sheets off the bed. Will interrupts, "please, let me do that," making his way to other side of the bed to remove the sheet fully. Will gets the sheets balled up and follows Hannibal to the laundry room.

While placing the sheets in the washer, Will blurts "my dad would have beat my ass for this, feels like I'm still waiting for it."

Hannibal looks at him and asks; “is your father deceased?”

“Far as I know, he’s still alive somewhere in Louisiana.” Will answers absentmindedly. Hannibal tucks away the observation of Will’s strained relationship with his father.

Once Will gets cleaned up and dressed, his phone rings. The caller ID says it’s Jack, so he begrudgingly answers.

“*Will, we need you on a case,*” Jack says in lieu of a greeting.

“I’m not—I’m not sure if I’m up for it yet.” Will replies.

“*I know, I know, but please. We need you for this one.*”

Will reluctantly agrees, despite Hannibal’s insistence that he should call Jack back and tell him no. He’s still healing, he doesn’t need to be at work. Will knows and he agrees but he would like for his life to go back to *normal*. As normal as a life like his can be, anyway.

Will had swallowed his pride and put some concealer on the still healing bruise on his face, not completely hiding it but making it look much less severe. *That will have to do*, he thinks, glancing in the mirror one last time.

He arrives on scene a while later, seeing Jack waiting outside for him. He gets out, putting his glasses on and walks over to where Jack is standing.

“You look like shit,” Jack comments.

“Thanks, I feel like shit,” Will responds with a dry laugh.

“We think this could be the work of the ripper, but we’re not sure. There’s two victims here,” Jack starts, “but—let’s just go in. You can see for yourself.”

When Will walks into the office building, past the crime scene tape and police cars, he looks at the murderer’s display. It’s giving *Creation of Adam* vibes, he thinks. There are two bodies, one sitting on the ground, arm reaching out and up toward the other body that’s suspended in the air, reaching down. Who ever did this must have considerable physical strength. The two victims are men and both are likely 170 pounds, at least.

“Do we know how long they’ve been here?” Will asks.

“They were posed at some point last night, they were discovered this morning when the manager got to the office,” Beverly starts “The men haven’t been dead for much longer than that, either.”

Will can see why Jack thinks this was the ripper, but he’s not seeing the ripper in this work.

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*I've killed these men and I am posing them as if they're sculptures for an art piece. I admire the Chesapeake Ripper but I'm not him—no matter how much I want to be. These murders are a gift... to the ripper, maybe? I want to be noticed. I'm here. I've killed these men but I haven't taken any physical trophies. I don't want to eat them, I just want to kill them. Unlike the ripper, I don't mind wasting the meat. I take photos of my work before I leave, they'll serve as trophies for me.*

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“He wants to get someone’s attention. This isn’t the ripper, though he has taken some inspiration from the ripper.” Will says finally.

“Hey, Will, Jack, you guys might want to take a look at this.” Beverly says, seeing a piece of paper nailed to the back of the strung up victim. “Gruesome. Looks like this was nailed into him alive.” Beverly adds.

Another crime scene technician carefully removes the piece of paper and unfolds it. Will reads it, stomach dropping.

*‘For you, my dear William.’ - M.*

“The-the killer is trying to get **my** attention...” Will sputters. He knows who M is. It’s Matthew. *How did the man do this with a gunshot wound?* Will wonders to himself.

“It seems you have an admirer.” Jack says, looking at Will and down at the paper.

Will’s face is pale and his hands are shaking. His hands won’t stop fucking shaking. He clinches his hands into fists, feeling his short nails bite into the fleshy part of his palm. He’s going to make himself bleed if he doesn’t stop.

“Do you know who this might be?” Jack asks, bringing Will out of his quickly spiraling mind.

“Uh, no. I’ve got no idea.” Will replies, as evenly as he can.

“I’m really not feeling well, I think I should go lie down,” Will pauses, “can you send me the case file and the photos once you’ve got them?” And with that, he turns and walks out to his car.

He starts driving. He’s going to Hannibal’s, not realizing it until he’s pulling up to the house.

He knocks on the door and Hannibal is quick to answer.

“I didn’t expect you back so soon,” Hannibal greets.

“Matthew Brown has killed two people to get my attention.” Will blurts, walking past Hannibal and into the house.

“How do you know?”

“He left—he left a fucking note!” Will exclaims, his hands in his hair.

Hannibal asks Will what the note said, and Will tells him, disgust evident in his voice, “He signed it as *M*, like it’s some kind of *love letter*.”

“It is a love letter to him. He thinks you are in love. He told me as much when he had me in his barn.” Hannibal says.

“*Love*?! This isn’t love!” Will objects.

“What else did he say to you?”

“He said you were in love with him and that you,” Hannibal pauses, “*wanted* to have sex with him.”

Will shakes his head rapidly, mumbling no.

“You know that’s not true, right?” Will questions, pacing Hannibal’s living room.

“Of course I do. But since you’re asking me, maybe you should ask yourself. Do *you* think it’s untrue?”

“He knocked me unconscious... and he tied me to a motel room bed. Of course I didn’t want that!” Will insists.

“So, then, *why* do you feel like you must have?” Hannibal presses.

Will stops pacing, sitting down on the couch. Hannibal follows the younger man’s lead and sits down next to him. Will rests his head in his hands and groans. He’s torn. His mind is fighting him every step of the way to admit that Hannibal is telling the truth.

“My body. It responded... positively.” Will squeaks out. “After Matthew was done fucking me, he uh, preformed oral sex on me.” Will finishes. He wants to die. Logically he knows it’s natural for the body to respond positively to that kind of stimulation, but he feels like he should have had more control of his faculties.

“Did he bring you to orgasm?”

Will furrows his brow at the question. “What? No... why?”

“I’m just trying to get a better picture of what happened. You know, you still haven’t told me everything.” Hannibal reminds him.

“Right.” Will sighs deeply, “After he finished fucking me, he preformed oral sex on me. He, uh, got me close to orgasm then stopped just before I came, but I still came. Kind of.” Will finishes.

“A ruined orgasm? At least that’s what that would be considered in a consensual situation. They can be very uncomfortable.” Hannibal notes. If Will had been in a better state of mind, he’d wonder why Hannibal knows that.

“Didn’t know there was a name for it,” Will mumbles. “He left me tied up, frustrated like that, until I went to sleep. When I woke up, he was gone.”

“Your body’s natural responses do not indicate that you in any way wanted or asked for him to do that to you.” Hannibal reassures, placing a gentle hand on Will’s shoulder. Will leans into the touch.

## Chapter End Notes

This is just word vomit. Thanks for reading, though!

## Chapter 8

“You know, you’re not awful at the therapy thing,” Will jokes.

“I try to be helpful... most of the time.” Hannibal replies. It’s the truth. He does try to help most of the time. Sometimes his curiosity takes him away from what might be most beneficial to his patients. He feels guilt for the way he initially tried to hide Will’s encephalitis to see how it would affect someone like him. He’s never told Will what he’d done when Will became ill and he’s not sure he ever will.

He values their new relationship over telling the truth, though he intends to be honest with Will from now on. His only lies will be lies of omission. If Will asks if he’s the ripper, he will say yes. He only hopes it’s at a time when Will can handle the news.

It was Hannibal’s turn to be lost in his thoughts, belatedly realizing Will had continued speaking about his night with Matthew.

“I’m sorry, Will. Can you say that again?”

“Yeah, uh, sure.” Will replies, a pained smile on his face. “I was just saying that I feel dirty. Ever since that night. It doesn’t matter how many times I shower or how hard I scrub. It feels like there’s a filth under my skin I can’t get rid of.”

Hannibal, listening intently now, reaches for Will’s hand. He takes the slightly smaller hand in his own. He flips the hand over, inspecting it.

“Look at yourself. Do you appear unclean?”

“What? No.”

“Exactly. You’re clean. I promise.”

“I don’t—I don’t *feel* clean.” Will stresses.

“In time, you will. This won’t last forever.”

“I don’t believe you, but I hope you’re right.”

“I often am.” Hannibal smiles, letting go of Will’s hand.

After their session, Will goes home. He misses his dogs and is happy to see them. They’re happy to see him, too. He has to remember to call Alana and thank her for taking care of them while he’s been busy trying to piece himself together. He decides to take a shower, not that he really needs one, but wanting to feel the hot water burn his skin. As he undressed, he thinks of Hannibal.

Will wonders if Hannibal believes what he’s said. Does he think Will is dirty? He wonders if Hannibal is disgusted anytime they touch. *Hannibal didn’t seem to mind holding his hand*

*earlier*, he reasons. They'd also cuddled before. Hannibal seemed to be at ease then, too.

Will still craved touch, even after the way Matthew touched him. Matthew attempted to pervert pleasant touch, but he didn't succeed. Will is sure of that.

Will finds himself, again, thinking of Hannibal. He's seen the man shirtless as well as clad only in a towel. He's... attractive. He's taller than Will by several inches, broad shouldered, his muscles well hidden under his perfectly tailored suits. His eyes are the color of whiskey and cedar trees, a rich brown Will could get lost in.

Will wonders what it would be like to kiss Hannibal. Would he be aggressive about it or would he be slow and gentle? Would Hannibal pin his wrists above his head and ravish his lips and neck, biting and sucking however he pleases?

Will sighs at the thought of Hannibal. He feels the tale-tell warmth of arousal in his belly, and sees his cock is hard between his legs. He wonders if it would be a bad idea to jerk off to the thought of Hannibal, but decides he doesn't care and takes a soapy hand and grasps his cock, slowly stroking himself.

He groans in satisfaction, having not masturbated in a while. He thinks about having Hannibal's hand on his cock instead of his own, stroking him up and down, teasing him until he feels like he's going to cum, then stopping. He thinks about Hannibal edging him deliciously with his hand and then, enveloping his cock in his mouth, sucking and licking until he cums hard into the older man's mouth.

At that, he's cumming in the shower, over his hand and onto the wall. He pants as he recovers from the orgasm, wondering briefly if Hannibal has ever masturbated to thoughts of him.

As the haze of the orgasm clears, Will can't help but feel bad. His brain tries to tell him Hannibal would never want someone as broken—as *damaged* as him regardless of whether or not the man is gay. There are so many other, better options out there for an accomplished man like Hannibal.

He knows this train of thought isn't going to end well for him, but it's too late. He's sliding down the shower wall, crying. His cries come out as heaving sobs, and he's feeling completely hopeless. Nausea hits him in waves, his stomach churning, telling him to empty the contents. He feels hollow but also too full. There's so much inside him that it feels like *nothing*.

He wants to talk to Hannibal, but at the same time he wants to keep him away. To keep Hannibal from seeing who Will really is. *It's only a matter of time before Hannibal realizes Will isn't worth his time, if he hasn't realized it already and is just being kind to Will out of pity*, he thinks.

Will's bruises have begun to fade and the pain in his ass has dulled, but his soul feels as if it has been skinned alive and locked in Lucifer's cage in hell for a century. The searing pain he feels in the moment is worse than the actual rape. He sits in the shower long after the water goes cold and his sobs dry up.

Hannibal is his psychiatrist, he should be able to help Will. If only Will hadn't gone and developed feelings for his psychiatrist. *Why does he have to be so fucking stupid?* He asks himself.

It's nearing midnight when Will manages to pick himself up off the shower floor, having turned the ice cold water off long ago. He's been huddled against the wall for so long, his limbs protest at the stretch of getting up.

He numbly remembers Jack should be sending him a case file for Matthew's murders. He gets dressed and opens his laptop. The case files are there, sitting in his work email account. He opens the documents and sees the photos of the grisly crime scene.

Will wonders if he should tell Jack who has committed these murders. Matthew would go away for the rest of his life—or even get the needle. Will wouldn't have to constantly look over his shoulder for the man that lurks in all of the shadows of his mind. He also wouldn't have to take it upon himself to get justice. He could let the FBI take care of it.

The question is, how can he point them in the right direction without anyone asking questions? He falls asleep at his dining room table thinking the question over. He jolts awake a few hours later and has an idea.

"I think this killer and the killer who murdered the bailiff during my trial are the same." Will tells Jack later that morning. "The link between these murders is me. And I think I might know who is responsible."

"Please, share with the class." Jack demands.

"While I was in the hospital, an orderly seemed unusually obsessed with me. At the time, I didn't think much of it, but last night I was looking through the case file you sent and it hit me. I think Matthew Brown killed these people." Will finishes, voice shaking ever so slightly at the mention of Matthew's name.

## Chapter 9

The news Will has shared sends the team into a frenzy. They begin searching for Matthew, quickly finding his address and going to his home to find it empty. Matthew left and hasn't been back in days. Will knew this, but he is careful not to divulge any potentially incriminating information. He wants them to find Matthew, he doesn't want them to find out what Matthew did to him. He's ready to move on, to forget it.

"Do you think Matthew might try to hurt you?" Jack asks the next afternoon.

"I uh, I don't know. I don't think so. He seems to think we're in love." Will answers.

Jack decides to have an agent posted at Will's house in hopes Matthew will show his face there. Will doesn't like the idea but he doesn't let it be known. He needs to call Hannibal and tell him what's going on, but he's been so busy he's barely even slept in the last 24 hours.

He goes home, and watches out the window for a while. He looks at the agent he has never actually met sit out in his driveway in a black SUV. *Really inconspicuous*, he thinks with a laugh. Matthew isn't stupid, he'll see the SUV before the agent sees him and he'll leave. Will feels like he should tell the agent that, but he doesn't. He just tries to relax by his fireplace with a book.

Another few days pass, and there's been no sign of Matthew. Jack has the team looking elsewhere for the man but it seems he's disappeared entirely. At that, the agent that's been posted at his house in Wolf Trap leaves. As soon as he's out of sight, Will gets ready to head to Baltimore. He hasn't spoken to Hannibal in several days, and he *misses* the older man. He also needs to update him on the Matthew situation. That's the most important thing to discuss, definitely not the fact Will misses him.

When he arrives at Hannibal's, the house seems quiet. He knocks on the door, but Hannibal doesn't answer. Will's anxiety spikes and he worries Matthew has beaten him here. He tries the doorknob and it's unlocked, so he lets himself in. He takes in the house, nothing seems out of place and there are no signs of a struggle.

"Hannibal?" Will cautiously calls out, but there's no answer.

He goes to the kitchen and sees an open... door in the floor? He draws his service weapon and decides to go down the stairs. He gets downstairs and what he sees shocks him. He drops his gun and it alerts Hannibal that he has company. He turns around, surprised to see Will standing there.

Hannibal is wearing a white button-up shirt with the sleeves pulled up to his elbows, his slacks look as neat as always. If Will didn't see what Hannibal was actually doing, he'd think the man was just cooking, minus the apron.

"Oh... my—my god." Will sputters, heart racing.

Matthew is strapped down and gagged on a surgical table. He's missing at least one leg and Hannibal looks like he's about to open him up. Matthew is awake but his eyes are glassy, it doesn't look like he has a complete understanding of what's happening to him.

At this scene, watching Hannibal calmly turn around and move his tools away from Matthew, Will has a realization.

"You... you're the ripper," He gasps.

"Yes, I am." Hannibal replies evenly. He had already vowed to himself that he'd never lie to Will again.

"How long have you had Matthew down here?"

"Two days."

"No wonder Jack hasn't been able to find him," Will laughs humorlessly. "I guess we need to, uh, talk."

"We do." Hannibal agrees, walking away from Matthew.

Once they get upstairs they sit across from one another at the dining room table. Will is quiet for a minute, processing what he's just found out.

"I had intended to tell you everything. I just needed to be sure you could handle it." Hannibal states.

Will slowly nods at that. He understands the hesitation, he can't imagine a man like Hannibal going to prison. And since Will works with the FBI, it could be very dangerous for Hannibal to come clean to him.

If Will had discovered Hannibal's secret in any other way, with any other victim, he'd probably go to the FBI right away, despite his feelings for Hannibal. But right here, right now, he's not sure he wants to stop Hannibal from doing what he's doing. He feels a sick sense of satisfaction knowing Matthew is suffering downstairs.

"Will?" Hannibal questions, bringing Will out of his thoughts. "What do you want to do?"

"You mean, am I going to tell Jack? No."

"Why not?"

"Do you really want to question it?" Will points out. "Doesn't saying go 'don't look a gift horse in the mouth'?"

"I suppose you're right." Hannibal admits.

Hannibal doesn't say what he's really thinking. He's felt that Will has a darker side since he first met him all those months ago. Hannibal thinks Will has the potential to be a true killer, not only in self defense as in the case of Garret Hobbs, but in the way Hannibal is. Hannibal doesn't want to admit how often he thinks about he and Will hunting together.

"Do you want to help?" Hannibal offers.

"With... what you're doing to Matthew?" Will pauses, then answers. "Yes."

Will asks for the rundown on what Hannibal plans to do and what he's already done. Hannibal has already amputated Matthew's left leg above the knee and when Will stumbled upon his basement, he was preparing to remove Matthew's right kidney.

Unfortunately for Hannibal, he did have to give Matthew a light sedative because the man would not stop moving and he didn't want to accidentally nick an artery. Hannibal says he would not have enjoyed that cleanup. Generally, he likes to take pieces of his victims while they are awake. This is especially important to him with Matthew.

"I'd like to help, but I'm not sure how helpful I can be while you perform surgery..." Will points out.

"Don't worry, I can put you to work."

As that has been decided, Will tells Hannibal he needs to call Jack and let him know he's staying here. If Jack asks why, he'll just say he's worried about Matthew coming to his house and doesn't want to be alone. He doesn't think Jack will question it.

The conversation goes smoothly and Jack seems none the wiser. With that taken care of, Will and Hannibal go back down to the basement. Much to their amusement, the haze of the sedative has begun to wear off and Matthew is somewhat coherent.

Matthew turns his head to look at who is in the basement with him, and recognition flashes on his face when he sees Will. He doesn't smile, though. He only glares, obviously angry.

"Why'd you go and sic your attack dog on me, William?" Matthew slurs.

"He did this all on his own." Will replies with a half smile. Will looks to Hannibal and the man is smiling at him.

"Did you really do this for me?" Will asks.

"Yes. A man like Matthew isn't a man at all. He's a pig and pigs get slaughtered." Hannibal replies, conviction in his voice.

"Rude, I'm right here!" Matthew calls out. He very obviously doesn't understand the gravity of the situation he's found himself in. Matthew doesn't even remember how he found himself in Hannibal's basement.

“So how’d you get him here?” Will asks, ignoring Matthew.

Hannibal is more than happy to tell Will how he got Matthew, feeling some excitement at the thought of telling him the story.

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*Hannibal had been keeping tabs on Matthew since he was taken by Matthew to the farmhouse. It wasn’t until two days ago that Hannibal had found an ideal opportunity to abduct Matthew. He’d followed Matthew to the warehouse he’d used to kill the two men, and Hannibal watched as he got the men into the warehouse and brutally murdered them.*

*Sure, Hannibal could have intervened, but he’s a pragmatist. If he’d saved those men, they’d have seen his face as well as Matthew’s face. They’d most certainly tell the police and that would have been an entirely new problem Hannibal didn’t want to deal with, so he let Matthew kill them. He watched from afar as Matthew transported and displayed the bodies. He was surprised at Matthew’s ability to move them, given the gunshot wound he was recovering from. He continued to follow Matthew after he’d finished with the bodies and they wound up on the outskirts of Baltimore, where it appears Matthew had been sleeping in a stolen car. Smart enough not to go home, Hannibal thinks.*

*He watched until he was sure Matthew was asleep and made his move. He looked at the surrounding area to ensure there was no one else around, and when he confirmed the all clear, he moved quickly to Matthew’s car, busting the window open and unlocking the door. He has the door open before Matthew can even react, still groggy from sleep.*

*He grabbed Matthew, pressing his thumb down into the healing gunshot wound and Matthew howled in agony as he was lifted out of the car and onto the pavement below. Once he was down on the ground, Hannibal used a sedative and knocked him out. After that, it was simply a matter of picking up the man and carrying him back to his car. Matthew remained unconscious for several hours, plenty of time to get him home and restrained in the basement.*

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“You’ve been doing this for a while then, huh?”

“Years.” Hannibal replies. Hannibal is oddly excited to share this part of his life with Will. He is lonely. Always keeping people at arm’s length in fear they’d figure out who he really was if he let them close.

“Matthew, we’re going to be taking your kidney today.” Hannibal informs their patient.

“That’s fine, I’ve got two of ‘em.” Matthew quips. “Will our William be assisting this evening?”

“Yeah, I will be.” Will answers.

“How exciting!” Matthew laughs. “Always knew you had it in you.”

Matthew is still obviously under the influence of the sedative, but his good mood is going to be ruined once Hannibal cuts into him. Hannibal instructs Will to put on some gloves and stand next to him as he makes the cut. Will watches, fascinated at the slice of the scalpel. The blood begins flowing sluggishly from the incision, and Will finds himself wishing to touch it, to feel the warm liquid on his hands, but instead he watches.

Matthew is screaming in pain as Hannibal works, but it doesn't bother either of them.

"You sound so pretty when you scream." Will leans down to whisper in Matthew's ear. Matthew only whimpers.

Hannibal removes the kidney expertly and is stitching Matthew up when Will decides he's going to feel Matthew's blood. He takes his gloves off and wipes a finger over the blood running from the incision. Hannibal has backed away from his work to watch.

Will scoops up the blood with his index and middle fingers and before he realizes what he's doing, he puts his fingers up to his lips. He slowly inserts his fingers into his mouth and finds he is aroused at the taste of Matthew's blood. A pleasant noise escapes him as he cleans his fingers of the blood. It has a cloying taste in his mouth, metallic and warm.

He wants to kiss Hannibal with the blood still on his lips. He turns to the other man, who has been watching the scene unfold. Hannibal's pupils are dilated to the point where virtually no brown is visible.

"I want to kiss you," Will whispers. Hannibal takes that as his invitation, slipping off his own gloves and moving toward Will in one swift motion. He grabs Will by the hips, pulling them against each other. He moves one hand up behind Will's head and the other up to his lower back. Will makes a surprised noise as they make contact, his mouth falling open ever so slightly.

Hannibal leans in to kiss him, Will meeting him halfway. They start the kiss chaste, soft but it soon becomes more desperate, Hannibal's tongue searching for entrance to Will's mouth. He allows Hannibal inside and their teeth clack together because of their excitement. Hannibal bites Will's lower lip and elicits a moan from Will's mouth. By the time they part, they're both panting, pupils blown, and lips swollen.

Will is painfully hard and he finds himself wishing Hannibal would just take him right here. He wants to be fucked *hard* by Hannibal. He adjusts himself in his pants and glances down to see Hannibal has a similar problem. He bites his lip, unsure if he wants to act on his desires.

"That was... perfect." Hannibal expresses.

Will goes back in for another kiss, this time it's a dirty kiss. Their mouths hot against each other, Will then trails his kisses down from Hannibal's mouth, biting and sucking on the old man's neck. Hannibal moans softly when Will bites down gently above his collarbone. Will has backed him into the wall and he ruts his hips up involuntarily searching for friction for his erection. When he finds it, he gasps. Will enjoys it, too, stopping his attack on Hannibal's neck to rut his hips against Hannibal's erection.

They hold onto each other and chase the friction, moaning softly, forgetting that there's a man strapped down on a table in the room with them. Will stops them when he feels like he might orgasm, but his hands trail down Hannibal's torso to his belt and he begins to undo it. Hannibal allows him, unsure of what the man wants to do next.

Will gets the buckle off and unzips Hannibal's neat suit pants, pulling them down below his hips. Will then kneels in front of Hannibal and looks up at him, asking for permission to continue. Hannibal nods and Will reaches for Hannibal's underwear, pulling his impossibly hard cock out.

Will is practically drooling at the sight and the weight of it in his hand. He leans forward and starts by licking the tip but quickly decides to take Hannibal entirely into his mouth. Hannibal moans softly. Will is *amazing* with his mouth. Hannibal brings a hand up and rests it on Will's head. He's careful not to pull Will's hair or push his head in any way. He does his best to stay still and let Will do whatever he's most comfortable with.

It only takes about a minute and Hannibal can feel his orgasm coming on, he tries to warn Will so he can stop if he wants, but the man continues like he's on a mission. Hannibal can't stop himself from gripping Will's hair as he cums down his throat. Will moans, pleased at the sensation of the warm, salty liquid in his mouth

"Jesus, Will. You are phenomenal."

Will beams up at Hannibal, practically preening at the praise.

"What do you say we cook dinner now?" Will asks, a toothy smile plastered on his face.

"Would you like me to return the favor?" Hannibal asks instead of agreeing. He can see Will is still hard.

"Oh, uh, no that's alright." Will sheepishly replies. Will isn't sure he would be able to handle getting head from Hannibal, or anyone for that matter. He's got a complicated relationship with his own pleasure, and he's just not ready to see how deep it goes.

"Dinner it is then," Hannibal concedes. He's not going to push Will to do anything he doesn't want to do.

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

I know next to nothing about culinary arts and absolutely nothing about wine. All food stuffs mentioned is from a google search. If it doesn't actually go together, oh well.

“So we’re going to... eat Matthew’s kidney?” Will asks, leaning against the kitchen counter, watching Hannibal prepare dinner.

“Yes, unless of course you’d rather have something else.”

“No, no, this is fine.” Will is more curious about the taste of the kidney than he wants to admit. “Are you pairing it with anything?”

“Yes, sautéed shallots and steak.”

“Sounds great,” Will replies. In truth, he has no idea what shallots are.

Hannibal must pick up on the man’s confusion because he stops what he’s doing to look at him.

“Shallots are a cultivar of the onion. They have a sweeter flavor with toned down sharpness when compared to the onions you’re familiar with.”

Will looks down at his feet. It’s in moments like this that he feels wholly inadequate for a man like Hannibal. Will has no real knowledge of culinary arts and he’s never had a passion for cooking like Hannibal does.

“I’m sorry that you have to explain these things to me,” Will says, voice almost a whisper.

“Nonsense, I enjoy teaching others about culinary arts.” Hannibal smiles, going back to preparing the kidney.

Will ends up sitting on the kitchen island, watching Hannibal work. The man looks good with his shirt partially unbuttoned at the top and the sleeves pulled up to his elbows. He tries to stop thinking about Hannibal undressed and on top of him before he gets anymore flustered.

Hannibal has his back turned to Will, but his ever-sensitive nose allows him to pick up on the man’s obvious arousal as it rolls off him smelling like cinnamon, with a warm vanilla and slightly peppery aroma. Hannibal’s ego is being stroked knowing he isn’t really doing

anything to elicit such a reaction from such a beautiful man. It's taking some deliberate self control for Hannibal not to turn around and fuck Will on the kitchen island.

Hannibal notices the smell of Will's arousal waning, and wonders why. He decides to turn around to see if he can figure out what's going on inside Will's head. The sight of Will sitting on the kitchen island, head down, cheeks red does *something* to Hannibal. Will is very obviously ashamed—at his arousal? Most likely. Will has no way of knowing how sensitive Hannibal's nose is, so he probably believes Hannibal has no idea.

“Are you alright?” Hannibal asks, taking Will's hand into his own.

“Yes I—Yes I am.” Will stutters, still a bit flustered because of his thoughts. He bites his lip, as if he wants to say something else, but Hannibal decides to put the man out of his misery and leans in for a kiss. The kiss is somewhat chaste, but Hannibal does bite down on Will's lip, eliciting a moan from the man, he simply cannot resist the sounds Will makes when he does so. When they break the kiss, Hannibal feels a small stab of guilt for making Will aroused all over again, but shrugs it off and finishes dinner.

“This is—this is amazing,” Will admits with his mouth full. Hannibal smiles at him, though if it had been anyone else he'd consider it rude to speak with a mouthful. On Will, he just finds it endearing.

Will finds himself thinking that it's a *human* kidney he's eating and it doesn't phase him. It still has a wonderful taste and pairs well with the steak and shallots. He could get used to Hannibal cooking like this for him more often.

“I've paired this dish with a Bordeaux Supérieur red wine. What do you think?” Hannibal asks expectantly after pouring Will a second glass of the wine.

“I don't know a lot about wine but this is really good.” Will responds with a sheepish smile.

Will ends up having three glasses of the wine and he's feeling pleasantly buzzed. By the time they've finished dinner, it's after 9pm. Will yawns, still sitting at the dining room table with Hannibal.

“What do you say we go check on our guest and then head to bed?” Hannibal suggests. Will happily agrees.

They check in on Matthew and see he's fallen into a fitful sleep. They decide to leave him be until tomorrow since they're both getting tired. They decide without speaking that Will is going to sleep in the master suite with Hannibal.

“I think I need a shower.” Hannibal says, mostly to himself. He unbuttons his shirt all the way and removes his trousers, placing them neatly in the dirty clothes hamper by the bathroom door. Will unabashedly watches Hannibal get undressed, taking in the man's toned form he keeps so well hidden under his clothes.

Hannibal goes to the bathroom and leaves the door ajar. Hoping Will takes his silent

invitation, and he does a few moments later.

“I think I need to shower as well. Do you mind if I join you?” Will asks.

“It would be my pleasure.”

Will undresses quickly and without the grace Hannibal has, though he does not find himself ashamed of his nakedness. He steps under the warm spray with Hannibal and resists the urge to put his hands on the man’s chest. Hannibal takes the moment to admire Will. He doesn’t feel the same hesitation and places his hands on Will’s chest, slowly moving downward to his hips. He rests his hands there, noticing some scarring on Will’s upper thighs.

“How’d you get these scars?” Hannibal asks but he knows. The pattern is too methodical for it to be the result of an accident or an assault. They’re self-inflicted.

“Are you just asking to see if I’ll tell you the truth?” Will questions.

“Yes.”

“I have some more on my left forearm, though they have faded to be almost imperceptible. You can feel them if you touch my arm, though.” Will says, without answering Hannibal’s question.

“How did you get them?” Hannibal presses again.

Will sighs. He’s not getting out of this one.

“They—they’re old, but I did it to myself.” He admits. He really hadn’t expected this to be how showering with Hannibal was going to go. He might have expected something a bit more... *steamy*, if he’s being honest. But, he feels like Hannibal deserves honesty.

“When I was younger, I guess I didn’t have the coping skills I needed for an empathy disorder like mine.” Will continues, “being empathetic towards everyone—whether they deserve it or not—caused a lot of pain for me growing up. I was young, so I couldn’t really get access to drugs or alcohol, so a boxcutter or a razor blade was the next best thing.”

When Hannibal doesn’t say anything, Will adds “now I just have two fingers of whiskey before bed.” With a humorless laugh.

Will thinks the rest of the shower is going to be awkward. But Hannibal begins to wash Will’s hair for him, massaging the shampoo into his scalp. That feels good, *so good*. He sighs in contentment at the decidedly gentle treatment. Hannibal doesn’t say anything else about his scars and he’s appreciative of that. Hannibal lathers up his hands and begins washing Will’s body, starting with his neck and moving down. Hannibal’s large hands move to Will’s back to knead the globes of his ass.

“Oh,” Will moans, closing his eyes and leaning forward into Hannibal’s chest relishing the

feeling of the hands on him. He realizes he's hard *again*, but doesn't have it in him to feel ashamed about it. His body craves Hannibal's touch.

Leaving one hand on Will's ass, Hannibal moves his other hand in between them, first looking at Will to make sure it's alright. Will nods almost imperceptibly and Hannibal wastes no time and wraps his hand around his cock.

As Hannibal begins jerking him off, Will lets out a series of quiet moans and gasps. He bites his lip to keep himself from moaning loudly, but Hannibal reaches up with his free hand and motions for Will to let go of his bottom lip. Will complies without a second thought.

"I want to hear you," Hannibal whispers in Will's ear and Will whimpers.

Will holds on to Hannibal for dear life as his orgasm quickly approaches, his moans and whimpers quickly becoming louder and more erratic. His grip on Hannibal's shoulder gets tighter, unconsciously pressing his nails into the man's skin. Hannibal isn't phased though and continues his ministrations.

"Come for me," Hannibal commands in Will's ear and as if Will were waiting for the command, he comes into Hannibal's hand and onto his torso.

Right after his orgasm he has to squash down the feelings of shame and guilt that seem to come up whenever he orgasms, but Hannibal is there being impossibly kind, stroking his hair and holding him while they stand in the shower. After a moment of this, Hannibal urges Will to finish their shower since the water will be cold soon.

Once they're dressed, they get into Hannibal's bed. It's painfully domestic, Hannibal reading a book and Will looking at his tablet. Will can't help but smile at the idea of he and Hannibal being any kind of *domestic*.

"Ugh," Will groans, now looking at a news article on his tablet.

"What?" Hannibal asks, setting his book down.

"Freddie Lounds, need I say more?" Will tilts the tablet toward Hannibal so he can see the article.

Freddie has written an article about Matthew Brown, dubbing him the "Creation of Adam Killer".

"How very original. I would have expected something wittier from her." Hannibal comments.

The article goes on to state that the FBI hasn't had any luck locating Matthew but that their best lead might be their eccentric profiler, Will Graham, since Matthew seems enamored with him. Freddie speculates that Will is an accomplice to Matthew's murders.

"I can't believe this." Will demurs.

“Hey, it’s not that big of a deal. You haven’t had anything to do with his murders.” Hannibal consoles, continuing to read the article.

“You’re not going to enjoy this,” Hannibal warns as he finishes the article. Freddie seems to have gotten her hands on the letter Matthew left for Will and has posted a photo of it at the end of the article.

Will takes the tablet and finishes the article, stomach dropping at the image at the bottom. *How the hell does she get this stuff?* He wonders.

“Why is she so obsessed with me?” Will laments.

“Well, I do find you very interesting. It’s possible she does as well,” Hannibal replies with a smile in an attempt to raise Will’s mood.

Hannibal takes the tablet out of Will’s hands and closes the cover over the screen, setting it on the nightstand. “Come here,” He demands.

He and Will only spoon for a few minutes before Will is asleep, which is faster than he’s fallen asleep in weeks.

## Chapter 11

*When Will wakes up, he is being held down by rough hands on his wrists. He snaps open his eyes and sees Matthew on top of him, smiling wickedly. He tries to scream but he can only manage a whimper, as if something is pressing down on his vocal cords. Matthew's eyes and mouth are bleeding, making him look like some kind of ghost. The warm, red liquid drips onto Will's lips and Will closes his eyes disgusted at the metallic taste of the blood. Matthew keeps him pinned down and continues to rut against him.*

*"Do you think you can get rid of me?" Matthew sneers. "Tell me you don't want this and I'll stop."*

*Will still can't find his voice, but he is sickened to find his body responding to the friction. Unable to get free or even scream for help, he sobs, small whimpers escaping his lips.*

*"Will!" Someone calls out. It's not Matthew... it's Hannibal?*

"Will!" Hannibal says, shaking Will this time, waking him up. Will awakens with a gasp, shirt covered in sweat. He takes quick stock of himself. At least he didn't wet the bed again. *Small victories*, he thinks.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal asks.

"Yeah, just a nightmare."

"You were crying and whispering 'stop'."

"I, uh, gotta pee." Will says. He does have to pee but not so badly he needs to end this conversation before it can start. He just really doesn't want to begin the day talking about Matthew—not when the vile man already owns his dreams. He'd also like to take care of his unfortunate erection.

When he comes out of the bathroom, he is feeling better. Splashing cold water on his face seems to help him feel better—like it's an assurance that he is awake and Matthew is no threat. Though he feels nervous at the fact that Matthew is technically in the same house as him. He thinks it may be contributing to his nightmares.

"I think we should kill Matthew. I don't want to draw this out any longer."

"Whatever will make you most happy." Hannibal acquiesces. He'd prefer to keep Matthew alive for as long as possible to extend his suffering, but not at the expense of Will's mental health.

"Good morning, psychopaths!" Matthew spits when he hears the men approach. "I thought I was crazy, but you two are on a whole new level."

"You should shut up now." Hannibal warns.

Matthew turns his head to look at them, scowl on his face. “Gonna take my other kidney today?”

“No. We’re going to take your life. I don’t think you deserve to be alive any longer.” Will growls.

“Ah, so you are playing judge, jury, and executioner?” Matthew interjects.

“I suppose I am.”

“I really don’t understand why you’re so upset with me. You *wanted* me to fuck you and you clearly don’t have any moral objections to murder since you’re going to murder *me*.”

“If I’d wanted to sleep with you, would you’ve had to *tie* me down?!” Will shouts. Hannibal places a gentle hand on Will’s shoulder in an effort to calm him. Will turns away from Matthew and looks at Hannibal, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

“I want to kill him now.” Will whispers, out of Matthew’s earshot.

“How would you like to kill him?”

“With my hands,” Will sighs, “but that’s not really efficient so... a knife I guess?”

Hannibal shows him to his work area where he has an alarmingly similar display of knives to the ones he keeps in his kitchen. Will runs his fingers over the handle of each of them, eventually choosing a serrated knife.

“Good choice. It will tear the flesh instead of giving it a nice even slice.”

Will moves to Matthew, deciding to get up on the table with him. He straddles Matthew who weakly struggles at his bindings, unable to move or push Will off. Will wonders if Matthew feels as helpless as he did when he was underneath Matthew.

He decides not to draw it out any longer and brings the knife up to Matthew’s throat, cutting it in one quick motion. He stays on top of Matthew as the man begins to choke on his own blood. He watches the blood as the spills out onto the table, the floor and even up onto Will’s hands and shirt. He sits there, watching the life leave Matthew’s eyes and he smiles. It’s a wide, genuine smile. He feels like a weight has been lifted off his chest.

After Matthew has been dead for a few minutes, Will finally gets off him only to continue looking at the corpse for several more minutes. Hannibal is watching the entire scene unfold, but has not interrupted because he can tell this is truly cathartic for the younger man. When Will finally turns away from the scene, Hannibal sees that he has tears in his eyes.

“This is good. He can’t hurt you, or anyone else—ever again.” Hannibal reassures him.

“I—I know, but it doesn’t make what he did go away and it doesn’t change the fact he’s still alive in my nightmares.”

“You’re right, and that’s why we must continue to monitor and support your recovery.”

“But first, we need to get rid of the body,” Will points out, his attempt at being lighthearted falling short. “So, uh, how do you usually do this?”

“Well, for starters, I don’t usually leave this much to dispose of.”

Anytime Hannibal needs to dispose of a body, he chooses a location that cannot be tied back to him. Many killers choose disposal locations that are known to them, some even choose their own backyards or their neighborhoods. Those killers are often caught much more quickly than the ones who are more strategic in their body disposal.

“What about Caledon State Park?” Hannibal asks. It’s a nice state park in Virginia, about 2 hours from Baltimore with over 2,500 acres of forests and trails.

“I’ve never been there.” Will replies.

Once they’re sure they have no connections to that area, they decide that’s where they’ll leave Matthew’s body.

“I guess we’ll make a trip out of it?” Will laughs.

“It’s a date.” Hannibal adds.

Will wonders if he means a *date* date, or if he was just joking. He and Hannibal **are** physically involved now and they’ve been spending a lot of time together, but is what they’re doing a *romantic* relationship? Will considers the idea, but tucks the question away in his head. It’s not something he wants to poke at right now. *What if he asks Hannibal and he doesn’t like the answer?* He can’t stomach the thought of losing Hannibal right now, so he’ll just be content with whatever they are.

Will’s phone rings, distracting him from his thoughts. He sees the caller ID, and sighs when he sees that it’s Jack. He answers and before he can even say hello, Jack is asking him to come in to help with the case. Will quickly shuts him down, telling him he’s not feeling well and he needs a couple personal days. He worries briefly that taking a couple days off will cause Jack to suspect him in Matthew’s disappearance since they do share a connection, and his time in the BSHCI is still fresh in his mind. He’s not trying to get framed for murder again, even if he really did do it this time. He reassures himself Jack has no idea that Will is involved and he won’t ever find out, not with Hannibal helping him.

Jack also won’t question his need of a couple personal days. Jack knows Will’s job is traumatic—more traumatic than his own because of his empathy. Jack is part of the reason he ended up in the BSHCI in the first place, always pushing him further and further, expending his mental and physical health to solve cases. If Will is honest, he does hold some resentment for Jack. He thinks everything could have been avoided if Jack had valued Will for more than his empathy.

With his work taken care of for the day, they go back to the basement to prepare Matthew’s body for disposal. Will helps Hannibal disarticulate Matthew’s body to aid in transportation.

They wrap him in plastic and place the parts in a camping backpack.

They opt for primitive camping in the state park and make a reservation under a fake name. They have to stop at an outdoor supply store to get Hannibal some camping appropriate clothing. Will finds it funny that he's the one dressing Hannibal since Hannibal is often the best dressed person in any room he walks into.

When the shopping trip is complete, they've purchased camping essentials, a tent, and some hiking pants, boots, and flannel shirts for Hannibal. Will only needed a new pair of hiking boots for the trip. As Hannibal tries on the clothes, he comes out and shows Will each item. Will laughs at the display, but quietly grumbles that it isn't fair that Hannibal looks good in anything he tries on.

As they pull into their parking spot at the state park, Hannibal looks at Will. It's as good a time as any to admit he's never been camping.

"Never?!" Will exclaims, laughing. "Oh, you're gonna love it!" Will adds sarcastically.

"Let's get going. The campsite is 4 miles from here." Will declares, already out of the car. Hannibal wonders what he's gotten himself into as he gets out and follows Will, who looks happier than he's ever seen him. He's really in his element out here. Hannibal smiles fondly at that, deciding he will enjoy this simply because Will is enjoying it.

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It takes them almost 2 hours to get to their campsite, primarily due to Will's stopping and admiring nature. As they near the site he sees a deer through the thicket and he stops so abruptly that Hannibal smashes into him, scaring the deer away.

"You scared him away!" Will grumbles, but continues forward.

"My dad and I used to go camping all the time," Will reminisces. It's one of a few good memories he has with his dad. When he and his dad were at home, his father would drink. The man was an alcoholic, but when they went camping and he didn't spend every minute with a drink in his hand, he and Will had a great time.

"My parents died when I was young. I don't have too many memories of them," Hannibal says. He's never even told his own therapist about his family and only spares a few details about his past in general. Will looks at him sadly for a moment then continues.

"Are we almost there?" Hannibal asks a few minutes later. Will immediately pulls out the map and fumbles around for a moment before answering. "Yes. It should be just up ahead."

Will is right. They arrive at the campsite 5 minutes later. Thankfully it's a weekday so there aren't any other campers nearby. Hannibal sits on a log and watches Will as he drops his pack and gets the tent out of the carry bag.

"Are you going to help?" Will queries. Hannibal says no, that he intends to watch Will do it. Will scowls playfully and gets back to work. The real reason Hannibal isn't helping is that he's pretty sure he'd fail spectacularly at setting up a tent. Will can clearly sense that Hannibal is completely out of his element and can't help but poke some fun at the man indirectly.

It only takes Will about 10 minutes to set up their small, 2-person tent. They place their bags inside, including the one with the body they intend to dispose of and sit outside on the picnic table.

"We will take care of the *disposal* tonight," Hannibal says discreetly. He's sure there's no one nearby listening in, but he wants to be sure. Will nods in agreement.

"Maybe we can see some eagles today," Will mentions, taking his binoculars out of his bag. He'd done a perfunctory google search of the park before they arrived, seeing that eagles call the park home. He tries to be nonchalant about it, but the excitement in his voice is evident.

Hannibal is not as thrilled about walking more right after their hike to the campsite, but he acquiesces anyway.

Will doesn't think when he grabs Hannibal's hand to pull him in the direction of the trail they're going to take, realizing what he's done he drops the other man's hand and apologizes for his overexcitement. Hannibal waves it off. He's very interested in this new version of Will, one who almost seems younger and sort of carefree.

Hannibal trails behind Will thinking about the man. He almost seems to have regressed into a child in the park. He's *happy*, there's a spring in his step, and there's an excitement to him Hannibal has never witnessed.

Hannibal has seen patients who deal with age regression, but he's yet to see someone who regresses so naturally. It's likely Will has no idea what he's doing, almost like he's a different person. Hannibal reasons that if he has regressed into a younger version of himself, he would be like a different person with significantly less trauma.

They do eventually make it to a clearing in the forest and Will has his eyes glued to the binoculars, scanning the area for eagles. Will excitedly gasps when he finally sees one over the water. He watches as the eagle flies downward and catches a fish.

"Here, look!" He exclaims, handing the binoculars to Hannibal. Hannibal takes them and finds the bird quickly. He has to admit the eagle is beautiful and its shiny feathers are captivating against the now setting sun.

"Man, I wish I had a camera." Will laments, wanting to document this trip. Hannibal reminds him that they're trying to leave no trace to them ever being here.

"Right." Will frowns. After a few more minutes of passing the binoculars back and forth, they head back to the tent.

"I know why we're here but honestly this is has been great. I forgot how much I missed camping." Will admits.

Hannibal is glad Will has enjoyed himself, and while this is not something he wants to do again, he can find enjoyment in Will's happiness. He wonders when he grew to care *so much* for the man who once accused him of murder.

"Maybe we can do it again sometime." Hannibal eventually says.

Once they get back to the camp, much to Hannibal's displeasure, they start a fire and begin roasting hotdogs. *Hotdogs*, Hannibal thinks in disbelief. He's not sure if he's ever eaten a hotdog. Will tells him how to make sure it's cooked properly over the flame and talks some more about how he and his father did this many times over the years.

Will is definitely back to himself because as he speaks of his father, his face falls a bit. It's clear he loves his father, but there's definitely something else there. He goes back to watching his own hotdog cook.

"I think it's done." Hannibal declares after several minutes.

“Lemme see,” Will says, taking his skewer from him. Will is satisfied with the hotdog and hands it back over to Hannibal. Will’s is done as well and they wait for them to cool before eating them as is. They remembered most everything they’d need but forgot buns... oops.

Hannibal won’t ever admit it, but he enjoys the hotdog, as long as he doesn’t think too much about *what* is actually in a hotdog. Which is funny, considering he eats *people*. He laughs at himself.

After they’ve finished, the sun is down completely so they leave camp to dispose of Matthew’s body. They travel far off the marked hiking trails, in an area rarely, if ever, traveled by park attendees about 2 hours from their campsite. They cover each piece of him with brush, though they do not bury him. The area is known for its wild hog population, so the likelihood of there being anything to bury in just a few days’ time is low.

They’d stripped the body of anything that could be tied back to them and take their now empty bag back to camp. As they get further away from the body, Will feels energized. He’s excited because of what they’ve just done. He feels little fear for being caught, knowing they’ve done all they could to prevent it from happening. There is, of course, still some worry in the back of his mind. He really doesn’t want to end up back in the BSHCI. Back under Fredrick Chilton’s idea of ‘care’, and he shudders at that thought.

They get back to camp and they’re both exhausted. Hannibal would love a shower but that’s not possible on this kind of primitive campsite. Will seems content in his dirtiness, wearing it like an armor. He feels less exposed when he is dirty in this way.

They crawl into the 2-person tent together and attempt to get comfortable. It’s cold outside and therefore chilly in the tent, so they cuddle against each other for warmth. Will quickly realizes he is in no mood to sleep, not with the warmth of Hannibal around him. He turns to face Hannibal and sees that he’s awake, too. Hannibal is looking at him, taking in all the features he’s come to love about Will. Without preamble, Will leans in and kisses him. It is a long, desperate kiss, with Will only breaking it every so often to breathe. Will lets out a small moan when Hannibal surprises him by sucking on his tongue. Nobody has ever done that to Will before and he finds that he quite likes the sensation.

Hannibal grabs Will and moves them in one motion so that the other man is straddling his hips. Will begins to bite, suck, and kiss his way down Hannibal’s throat. Will moves his hand between them, reaching for Hannibal’s cock. He finds it, and begins stroking it through his hiking pants.

“I want you to fuck me, *please*,” Will pleads, breathless with desire.

“Do you think—ah, that you’re ready for that?” Hannibal asks, as Will continues stroking him.

Will does not answer, but he breaks eye contact with Hannibal and that tells him all he needs to know.

“I don’t think you are, but I have an idea,” Hannibal murmurs into Will’s ear. Hannibal flips them so he’s now on top of Will.

“Have I told you just how exquisite you are, my dear Will?” Hannibal asks, hands resting on either side of Will’s head.

“Don’t think you’ve used that word in particular, no,” Will says, squirming a bit when Hannibal’s hand reaches for his belt.

“Hold still,” Hannibal demands. Will immediately stills, something about Hannibal’s tone requiring obedience, quietly watching Hannibal with wide eyes.

Hannibal gets Will’s pants and underwear below his hips and his cock bounces up, erect and free of its confines. Hannibal can’t resist and takes his cock in his hand and strokes it once, twice, three times, eliciting moans and gasps from Will.

Will is still watching, doing his best not to squirm as Hannibal removes his own pants, taking them off entirely. He grabs a small bottle of lube he stored in a pocket in his backpack and slicks up his cock with some.

“I thought you didn’t want to fuck me?” Will finally asks.

“I do want to fuck you, just not tonight. Not in a tent.” Hannibal responds. At that, he takes both of their cocks in his hand and begins jerking them off.

He pushes Will’s shirt up his torso to expose his stomach, and then continues his movements. Will is watching Hannibal with lustful eyes, watching how the man holds himself up with one arm and jerks them off with the other.

As Hannibal picks up speed, Will begins to whine in pleasure, unconsciously thrusting upward into the pleasant feeling. His continued gasps and moans remind him of his still healing fractured rib. It sends small sparks of pain throughout his chest, but in his heightened state of arousal, it almost seems to add to his pleasure.

Hannibal finishes first, coating Will’s bare torso with semen. The man quickly begins jerking Will off again and brings him over the edge as well. Once Will is sufficiently coated in both of their releases, Hannibal removes his hand and begins putting his pants back on. Will stays lying down, still breathless, still high from his orgasm. He startles a bit when he feels a damp cloth on his torso wiping away the mess, he’d been so close to just dozing off in the haze.

Once Hannibal gets him clean, he pulls his shirt down and pulls his pants up as best he can, and lies down next to Will, placing an arm over him. Will rolls over and burrows his face into Hannibal’s chest and they fall asleep like that.

## Chapter End Notes

Pretty sure there aren't any wild hogs in Caledon State Park in real life because there aren't many in Virginia to begin with, but they have them there in my story because it works better for my purposes lol. There ARE eagles there though!



## Chapter 13

The next morning, they pack up and get changed into some fresh clothes, Will stops Hannibal when he goes to slip a shirt over his head.

“Don’t panic, but you have a tick on your back...” Will warns. “Wait there, I have a thingie that removes ticks.”

Hannibal hates insects. Absolutely loathes them. He likes things neat and tidy, and that is incongruous with insects. Would he say he was afraid of them? Maybe a little. But nobody needs to know that. He closes his eyes, focusing on his breathing as Will returns to him with special tweezers and removes the tick.

“We need to keep it, in case you get sick.” Will informs Hannibal as he places the tick in an empty water bottle.

“Let’s hope I don’t get sick, then.”

With the tick taken care of, they finish dressing and packing up. It only takes them an hour and a half to get back to where they parked since Will isn’t stopping every few minutes to look at something. Hannibal misses his shower, his bed, and his suits. Will looks as if though he is sad that they are leaving.

“Guess it’s time to go back to the real world,” Will laments. He knows he needs to go back to work tomorrow, since Jack still thinks Matthew is on the run and could kill again. He needs to help with the investigation, eventually Jack or Beverly will figure out Matthew isn’t on the run, that he’s missing. If he were alive he would most definitely kill again.

“Do you think I should tell Jack about us?” Will asks once they’re in the car.

“About our new relationship or the murder?” Hannibal jokes.

“Us... are we dating?”

“Do you want us to be dating?”

“Don’t get all psychiatrist-y on me!” Will retorts. “But, yeah. I, uh, don’t want to share you.” He adds sheepishly.

“Then we’re dating.”

Will wonders if he should get a new psychiatrist as well since their romantic relationship could be seen as unethical if they continue their doctor-patient relationship. Hannibal thinks that he should consider it, and Jack may insist when Will tells him.

“That’s a problem for tomorrow.” Will decides.

When they arrive in Baltimore, Hannibal immediately goes to the bathroom to shower. Will finds some amusement at the man being so out of his element while they were camping. It's rare to see Hannibal unsure of himself. He'd like to see more of Hannibal underneath his façade.

Will doesn't join him in the shower, since they are still sated from the night prior and showering with someone is rarely as nice as it sounds. Someone is always out of the warm water and ends up getting cold and the other is in a rush so the other person can get warm. It's only nice to shower together when there's sex involved, Will thinks.

"Are you going to shower?" Hannibal asks when he finishes his and walks out wrapped in a towel.

Will is staring at Hannibal for a few seconds before he can open his mouth to reply, "Uh, yeah,". He still can't get over how nice Hannibal looks underneath his clothing.

"I'll get dinner started then." Hannibal says while getting dressed.

It takes about 2 hours for Hannibal to finish dinner and when he's finally done, Will marks the page of the book he's reading and comes into the dining room. The table always feels too large when it's just he and Hannibal eating, but Hannibal sets their places right next to each other and Will appreciates that.

Will eyes the thoughtfully prepared dish that Hannibal places in front of him, "So what, or who, are we eating?" He queries.

"This is actually a dish I prepared using Matthew's leg."

"Interesting." Will says, putting the first bite into his mouth.

"Geez, this actually not bad." Will points out, surprising himself.

"I am good at what I do." Hannibal simply says.

Will replies by stuffing another bite of the dish into his mouth. He doesn't dwell on the fact that he's not at all bothered that he's eating a person. He wonders if it's because of who it is, and if he'd have a different reaction if it were someone different.

Hannibal looks at him thoughtfully, sips his wine and asks, "what are you thinking?"

"Just wondering if I would be alright with eating this if it was from a different person."

"I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but you've eaten others." Hannibal replies, almost solemnly.

"Huh," Will says, continuing to eat the food. There's no wave of nausea or even a vague feeling of disgust.

Will finishes the food, still perplexed at his lack of reaction to the news, "shouldn't I be more bothered by this?" He finally asks.

“Perhaps, but you are not what many would consider ‘normal’. There’s a darkness inside you akin to my own.” Hannibal notes. “I find that I rather enjoy that about you.”

Will thinks about Hannibal’s words, even as he goes home that evening. He is glad to be reunited with his dogs, feeling as if he’s barely seen them over the past few weeks. He needs to remember to call Alana and thank her for feeding them and letting them out.

He goes to bed early, content to sleep in a pile of dogs in his own bed for once. He sleeps surprisingly well and when he wakes, he isn’t drenched in sweat like he usually is. When Will’s alarm begins blaring, he rolls out of bed, doing his best not to disturb Winston who is asleep against him.

Will rinses his face with cool water to wake himself up, he doesn’t drink coffee anymore because it makes his anxiety worse. He’s pretty sure he meets the diagnostic criteria for PTSD, but he doesn’t want to be tested. Just like he doesn’t wish to be tested for autism. He despises labels such as those, fearing that they make him appear weak. He’s eccentric enough as it is, he doesn’t need a diagnosis on his record too.

He feels almost happy to be going back to work with the FBI, though he thinks he’d still prefer to be lecturing at the academy. It requires less interaction, he’s just talking at his students, not to them. Murder aside, he feels like an impromptu camping trip was exactly what he needed.

Will is greeted by Beverly when he gets to the office, she smiles widely when she sees him, “Will! Good to see you back!” She exclaims. He smiles genuinely, telling her it’s good to be back.

“Jack,” Will greets as the older man walks into the office too. Will’s gaze is on the evidence board the team has put together for the case. He was taken aback for a moment when he sees his own photo up there, but reasons it makes sense since he is linked to Matthew. Of course they’d investigate his ties to the man.

“We haven’t found anything to lead us closer to finding Matthew,” Jack begins. “It’s only a matter of time before he kills again and I fear we may not have any viable leads as to his whereabouts until he does.”

Will cocks his head to the side, paying close attention to the connections between Matthew and his victims in the Creation of Adam scene. Apparently Matthew had known the men he killed, one being a bailiff and the other a judge.

“Is he trying to say something about the justice system?” Beverly wonders.

“Maybe. He was enamored with me. He probably didn’t like the fact I was—I was falsely imprisoned at his hospital.” Will speculates, feeling ill at the idea of Matthew killing because of him.

“Do we think people who have ties with you could be in danger, then?” Jack questions, turning to face Will.

Will frowns at that, “I don’t know.” He states. “It’s possible he is targeting people he thinks wronged me. I’d worry that Fredrick Chilton is on his list.”

“Why?” Price asks, finally speaking up.

“Dr. Chilton had... unorthodox methods for ‘therapy’.” Will admits with a shudder. “Matthew definitely witnessed some of it.”

“What did Chilton do to you?” Jack asks next.

Will laughs humorlessly at that, “what didn’t he do? Nothing was off limits to him when it came to me. He treated me like a lab rat.”

Will knows Chilton is not in danger, but it’s the conclusion he’d make if Matthew was still alive. He does think Matthew had a perverted, twisted type of love for him and he feels nauseous at the idea.

“You look awfully pale,” Beverly observes, looking at Will who is lost in his thoughts.

“I’m—I’m alright.” Will stutters. He’s fine . He is not going to have a fucking breakdown today. Matthew is dead . “We should get Chilton into FBI custody to keep him safe.” He says.

Jack agrees and makes the call. His face drops as he speaks outside the room they’re in. He comes in, bearing bad news, “Chilton is missing.”

“What?” Will utters in disbelief. It makes sense that Matthew would target him, but who else would?

The team scrambles to start searching for Chilton. They search his house and the route he travels between there and the hospital. They find his car off the road, hidden deliberately by some brush. They find some dried blood on the steering wheel and the driver’s seat. Not enough to indicate he bled out, but enough to know something has happened.

Everyone assumes it is a Matthew that has Chilton and they put out a bulletin for everyone to be on the lookout for the two men. They process Chilton’s car, finding no DNA other than his own.

“The meticulous nature of this abduction almost makes me think this is a ripper victim.” Beverly speculates aloud.

Will’s eyes widen at that asking, “Do you think Matthew is the ripper?”

“I guess it’s possible.” She replies.

Everyone is stumped and they make no further progress on the case. Later in the evening, they finally decide to pick it up in the morning, hoping getting some sleep and looking at the case with fresh eyes will help them see what it is they’re missing. Before Jack leaves, Will pulls him aside. He’s going to tell him about he and Hannibal’s relationship.

“Do you mind if we, uh, speak in your office?” Will asks, nervously.

Jack agrees and leads Will to his office, “So what is this about?” He asks once they’re inside.

“I just want to disclose a relationship to you.”

“Oh? You and Dr. Bloom?” Jack guesses.

Will tries to control the blush that tints his cheeks and shakes his head no. “It’s myself and Hannibal—er, Dr. Lecter.”

Will steels himself for the disapproval he knows is coming. He wants to take it back as soon as it leaves his mouth, feeling himself begin to hyperventilate. His hands are clammy and trembling ever so slightly.

“Oh. Well, thank you for letting me know.” Jack says, smiling. He’s smiling? Will thinks in disbelief. He’d subconsciously viewed Jack as a sort of father figure and poorly assumed he would react like his actual father did when he came out as bisexual. He beat his ass for that when he found Will kissing a boy in the backyard his freshman year of high school.

“Do you think you should see a different psychiatrist?” Jack questions, pulling Will out of his small flashback.

“It’s really up to you,” Will says.

“I’m going to default to your judgement on this.” Jack says, not wanting to make the decision for Will.

When the surprise wears off, Will says he’d like to continue seeing Lecter for his ‘conversations’. Hannibal has definitely helped him more than any other psychiatrist ever had. He knows Hannibal would still help him even if he’d be forced to see a new doctor.

Will is happy that the talk with Jack went well and his drive to Hannibal’s is a pleasant one. Will even catches himself humming along to the radio.

He knocks once on the doctor’s door and it opens, “Hi, Hannibal.” He greets. Wondering why he still feels sheepish in Hannibal’s presence at times. Hannibal leads Will inside and they get comfortable on the couch.

“So, how did it go with Crawford?” Hannibal questions.

“It went well, actually.” Will says, surprising Hannibal. He explains what Jack said and that he was alright to continue seeing him for their conversations.

Will then tells him they’re working the Matthew Brown case and Fredrick Chilton is now missing. Hannibal listens intently at the younger man’s words, waiting for him to supply a full synopsis of the case.

“Chilton isn’t missing.” Hannibal reveals.

Will looks at him, bewildered. “What?”

“I know exactly where that bastard is.” Hannibal growls. It turns out, Fredrick Chilton is in Hannibal’s basement.

“Why?”

“Never could stand the man, and knowing what he did to you in the hospital was all the reason I needed to grab him.”

“Hannibal!” Will admonishes. “You can’t abduct anyone who has ever wronged me!”

“Why not?” Hannibal asks cheekily.

“Because!” Will huffs. Considering they’d murdered Matthew together, he’s not sure if he can take the moral high ground here. “We can’t make this a habit. We’ll get caught for sure.”

“Always so practical, Will.” Hannibal remarks. “I’d actually like the FBI to think Matthew is the Ripper and I think it will be too easy. Matthew was obsessed with the ripper’s murders and tried to emulate them.”

Will looks unsure but reluctantly agrees to allow Hannibal to do his work on Fredrick, but he opts not to partake in the act.

“You’ll at least let me prepare dinner for you?” Hannibal inquires.

“Sure. I do enjoy your cooking.”

With that, Hannibal excuses himself to the basement, asking Will to make himself comfortable in the living room. He waits for about an hour before Hannibal comes back, this time some meat in his hand. It looks like it’s been in the freezer so he’s not sure if it’s from Chilton.

“So who is in the bag?”

“Chilton. Something I took off him yesterday.” Hannibal informs. Will can’t see exactly what’s in the bag, but it looks small.

“Holy shit, are those his eyes?” Will utters when he gets a better look.

“Yes.”

# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“They don’t make the most appetizing dish, but I think eating them will be symbolic.” Hannibal says, preparing a dish to go with them. The eyes are the only human part of this meal. “You know, they say the eyes are the window to the soul, and I suspect Fredrick’s soul is dark.”

“Some of the things he does to his patients are startling, I remember many times thinking he was insane during my treatment.” Will tells him. “But, taking his *eyes* seems... barbaric.”

“He was sedated for it. I’d never done that before, so wanted to take my time.” Hannibal says, hoping knowing the man was asleep for the procedure would ease Will’s mind.

Will feels squeamish, imagining what it would be like to remove someone’s eyes. Thinking of the sound the eye would make as it pops out of the socket. He wonders if there would be an audible noise to slicing the optic nerve. He thinks of the plop the eyes would cause when dropped onto the surgical table and shudders.

“For some reason, I find that more morbid than any of your other... acts.” Will breathes, closing his eyes.

Hannibal shrugs, unsure of what else to say. He’d known there was a possibility that Will wouldn’t see a reason to everything he does. It’s normal.

“Look, I just don’t think Fredrick’s punishment fits his crimes. Yeah, his treatments are terrible, but does he really deserve *mutilation and death*?” Will queries.

“I’ve killed people for much less, Will, and he is not innocent.”

Will sighs heavily, “right.”

They eat their meal, Will opting not to eat an eye. He just can’t stomach the idea. Hannibal seems to have no qualms to eating any body part if he’s the one that prepares it.

Hannibal silently gets up and grabs a file, sliding over to Will. He curiously opens it, seeing it’s a file on Chilton’s treatments. He’s surprised to see documentation pointing to the use of insulin shock therapy, which was only used for about 20 years in the 1900s. Chilton had also preformed *lobotomies* on patients over the years. The man was much more wicked than Will had ever thought.

He stops, seeing the next file is his own. The treatments listed in his are tame compared to what some others went through. He considers himself lucky, thinking Fredrick was so interested in how his mind works that he wasn’t interested in altering it permanently.

Hannibal eventually asks if he'd like to go down to the basement and see Chilton. Will agrees, morbidly curious to see how the man is adjusting to his sudden loss of sight. Once they get down to the basement, Will can hear the blinded man groaning.

"I—I can't see." He whines, "Why can't I see?!"

"Dr. Chilton, glad to see you are awake. I imagine this must be quite the shock for you but I assure you, the surgery went well with no complications." Hannibal informs his unwilling patient.

"What surgery?!" Chilton cries.

"The enucleation of your eyes, of course."

Fredrick loses it at that, mumbling a string of 'no, no, no' and crying out in what appears to be agony. Will and Hannibal watch quietly as he digests the news.

"Are you going to calm down now?" Hannibal finally asks. "I'll bet you are curious to know why I've preformed the surgery, are you not?"

Fredrick does not reply. This angers Hannibal, since he doesn't abide rudeness.

"If you do not answer my questions, I will take your tongue." Hannibal warns.

"Okay, okay—yes. Please tell me why you took my fucking eyes." Chilton spits.

Truth be told, Hannibal is going to remove his tongue anyway, but his cooperation will inspire Hannibal to make it less painful.

Hannibal makes a sound of disapproval at the language used. "I am going to give you a pass on the use of the vulgar language just this once, since I imagine this time is stressful for you."

Hannibal approached Fredrick, removing the bandages from his face to check the surgical site. "Everything appears to be healing well, not that it matters that much." He notes, rewrapping the man's face.

"I have been well aware of your unorthodox methods of treatment for the prisoners in your hospital for quite some time, and I was content to overlook it until you mistreated my Will." Hannibal says, "You have a darkness in your soul and I felt the best recourse for your transgressions would be to make your worldview match the darkness."

Will is sitting, watching the exchange, his mouth agape. He is oddly aroused at the notion of Hannibal being willing to abduct and maim those who have wronged him. But this feels different than it did with Matthew, since he is unsure about this one. He doesn't feel like he was irreparably damaged by Chilton like he was by Matthew. He doesn't have nightmares about Fredrick Chilton.

He shifts uncomfortably, feeling the discomfort of his mind manifest into an even more unpleasant physical sensation. The constant noises coming from Chilton are also not helping him. He feels *guilty* about this.

“Please, just let me go, Dr. Lecter! I won’t tell a soul who did this to me,” Fredrick pleads, though it falls on deaf ears. He can’t let Fredrick live even if he wanted to. Fredrick would absolutely go to the FBI with this, despite his assurances otherwise.

“I’m afraid I cannot do that.” Hannibal says.

“Do we have to make him suffer more than necessary?” Will finally asks.

“I suppose not.” Hannibal agrees, injecting a sedative into the IV line. Fredrick immediately falls into a deep sleep.

“Thank you,” Will whispers.

Will is quieter than usual for the rest of the night. Lost far in the recesses of his mind, thinking about Hannibal. The man is dangerous. Will knows this, he’s seen it first hand. Hell, he’s even become dangerous. But he loves Hannibal, completely, unconditionally. He finds himself wishing he could fully embrace the darkness inside himself, and he thinks Hannibal probably would enjoy that as well.

When they go to bed, Will has no desire for intimacy aside from physical closeness. The slip under the covers, facing one another. Will can feel Hannibal’s warm breath on his forehead as his nuzzles his face into the old man’s chest. Hannibal is dangerous, and yet this is where he feels most secure.

Before Will leaves for work that morning, Hannibal kisses him, telling him “His will be the last life I take for a while.”.

Will takes some small comfort in that, he knows with every kill the likelihood of Hannibal being caught increases and he doesn’t want that to happen.

When Will arrives to work, his heart drops when Jack tells him, “we may have a lead on Matthew Brown.”.

Will’s brows raise, “What is it?”.

“We’ve found surveillance video of Matthew being taken from a car on the night when he suspected he murdered those men.”

“Can I see the tape?” Will asks. Jack readily agrees and has Beverly play the tape for him.

The image is grainy and Hannibal is not identifiable by the recording. He’d made sure his face was never facing the camera. They’d never know from this tape alone. Matthew’s face is visible on the recording though.

“So maybe this is why he hasn’t killed again or come after me?” Will theorizes. “Do we think he’s still alive?”

“Probably not, but as of today we have no evidence to back that up.” Jack says. “It would be nice to know who our vigilante is, as well, but this recording gives us nothing to go on except that he’s likely male and about 6 feet tall.”

“So what about Chilton?” Will asks, knowing it would be suspicious if he avoided the subject.

“No news, but we are no longer looking at Matthew for his disappearance, since he is unlikely to be involved. This is the work of someone else.”

They’ve spoken to everyone who’d interacted with Chilton in the days leading up to his disappearance, but no one had noticed anything out of the ordinary, leaving only his abandoned car as a clue.

The team is frustrated, going over the same paltry evidence again and again, never finding anything new. It now feels like a waiting game, they’ve slowly lost hope they’d find Chilton alive. A few days later, they find his body, or what’s left of it.

When Will arrives at the scene, he knows what he’s going to find. He’d been there when Hannibal prepared the body and left to display it. Even being prepared, the image still takes him aback.

Fredrick, posted on a stand so that he is sitting, his eyes missing, his ears gone, and his tongue cut out. There are also other surgical scars and without further investigation, the team concludes this must be the work of the ripper.

“See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil?” Will says aloud.

“What’s it supposed to mean?” Beverly asks.

“I suspect it’s retaliation for the way Chilton treated his patients,” Will deduces, knowing that will make sense to most everyone. “A lack of moral responsibility.”

With Matthew Brown presumed dead and the ripper still on the loose, the team slowly gets back into the swing of things. Weeks pass and there are no more murders, and thus, no more leads on the ripper.

“Freddie Lounds is going to be the death of me,” Will laments one morning as he arrives at work. “She’s written another article about me and my ‘unusual’ techniques for profiling.”

In the article she insinuates that the FBI’s reliance on Will’s profiling ability is the reason they haven’t caught the ripper yet. She even flippantly suggests that Will might be responsible for Chilton’s death.

“She’s a tabloid author, nobody is going to take it seriously.” Beverly assures him after reading the article in its entirety.

Will does his best to remind himself of that, but finds he is still bothered by the article later that evening, telling Hannibal about it as soon as the other man walks through the door.

Hannibal has begun to spend some time at Will’s Wolf Trap home so Will doesn’t have to leave his dogs in the care of other people so often. Will finds that he likes having Hannibal in his home, though he thinks sometimes it makes Hannibal uncomfortable. Will knows his

modest little house is probably not up to a man like Hannibal's standards. But, Hannibal does not complain and Will is grateful for it.

Will is *happy*—as happy as he can be, anyway. Working through his trauma has been difficult and he backslides sometimes, but Hannibal is always there to help him through it. They've begun to build a semblance of a life together. Will's colleagues are all aware of his relationship and he's happy that everyone has been supportive. He thinks they must be relieved to see that he is capable of maintaining a relationship, and to be honest, he's relieved too.

It's early evening when Will and Hannibal are curled together on his bed, illuminated by the setting sun outside and the fireplace inside. They are lazily kissing, enjoying the taste of each other, when the dogs start barking and rushing the front door.

They look in shared confusion. Will isn't expecting any guests, but nonetheless, there's a knock at his door.

## Chapter End Notes

I am planning out the sequel to this fic. I hope to start writing it sometime this week.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!